

The Listener

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CHICAGO



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the times...



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The Listener

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The Nineteen-Sixties

The Age of Discretion

By ARTHUR KOESTLER

NINETEEN-SIXTY means to me *anno 15 p.H.*; where 'p' stands for *post*—after—and 'H' stands for Hiroshima. I say that not because I like to remember that episode, nor as an act of penance—for after all we were not consulted—but for a factual and unsentimental reason. Calendars imply convictions about the importance of certain events: the first Olympiad for the Greeks, the foundation of the city of Rome, the birth of a child in Bethlehem, the flight of Mohammed from Mecca. The positing of a year zero provides a time-scale, a measure of the age, of the distance covered, from the real or assumed starting point, of a given civilization.

There is, I believe, a strong case to be made for keeping a kind of second calendar in our minds which indicates the distance travelled from that decisive moment when a man-made flash of light outshone the sun. Fifteen years are but a few seconds on the dials of history and it is not surprising that this new-born civilization of ours is as yet unaware of its own separate existence. More precisely, its awareness is still of that inchoate, shapeless, nebulous kind which precedes the conscious discovery of one's identity. On the surface we find no sharp, decisive break between life before and after *anno zero*. There have been some social, political, cultural changes, but if these were all there would be no justification for suggesting this kind of new calendar.

My feeling that all that happened before 1945 belongs to a quasi-prehistorical epoch is based on a rather simple consideration which, however, is not quite simple to explain. Let me proceed by steps. The fact that mankind has acquired the power to destroy itself does enter into it, but merely as a preliminary step. The next question is what this fact does to the human psyche. I think that, so far, it has affected it very little, at least on the conscious level. The simple proof is that everybody went on manufacturing the thing. There were protests and involved controversies, but no global outcry powerful enough to stop it. The somewhat clownish

character of some of the protest demonstrations was particularly revealing. The voluble phrases about the possibility of blowing the whole planet to glory sounded at first both frightening and subtly flattering to our vanity; but soon they became clichés divorced from emotional meaning. Then everybody got bored with this insoluble problem until the sputniks brought a new thrill and the pleasant hope that these things might develop a tendency to keep going upward and not coming down.

And thus, anno 15 p.H., we have apparently settled down to business as usual. But, I believe, only apparently. There are periods of incubation. The Copernican theory of the earth's motion took eighty years before it sank in. The unconscious has its own clock, and its own ways of digesting what the conscious mind has rejected as indigestible. There are signs that, on a limited scale and in an oblique way, this process of assimilation has already begun, a process which, I believe, is bound to transform completely the mental make-up of our race. The essence of this transformation could be defined as follows: hitherto man had to live with the idea of his death as an individual; from now onward mankind will have to live with the idea of its death as a species.

This is an entirely novel prospect, but not necessarily a gloomy one. To realize its implications one must try to bear in mind that we are not dealing in abstractions but with hard, obstinate facts; in other words, we must try to achieve a psychological break-through across the multiple smoke-screens of our own mental defences against reality. If we succeed in achieving that, we may discover a rather breath-taking vision beyond the screen, which will make human destiny appear in a new light. We who were brought up in the Western way of thinking have always been taught to accept the transitoriness of existence as individuals, while taking the survival of our species axiomatically for granted. And this was a perfectly reasonable belief, barring some unlikely

cosmic catastrophe. But it has ceased to be a reasonable belief since the day, fifteen years ago, when the feasibility of just such a cosmic catastrophe was tested and proven. It pulverized the assumptions on which all philosophy, from Socrates onward, was based; that is to say, the potential immortality of our species.

An Allegory

Let us consider the implications of this turn of events from a completely detached, that is, inhuman, point of view. Let us imagine that among the hidden works of the Lord Almighty there functions a kind of inter-galactic insurance company which periodically surveys the insurance risks which the various intelligent species on the various inhabited planets represent. The company knows no more about the intellectual progress and psychological kinks of its individual clients—which number perhaps half a million in our galaxy alone—than a terrestrial insurance company does. It simply watches them from a distance. Before its observers noticed that certain flash fifteen years ago, they would probably have given the inhabitants of this planet quite a reasonable life-span. It has, by cosmic standards, just the right size of a middle-aged sun, in a stable, middle-aged galaxy, safe by all probability standards from any local or inter-galactic collision. Its dominant race, which emerged relatively late after the beginning of organic life on the planet, seemed to be intellectually too precocious compared with its emotional retardment, and accordingly maladjusted. But against this it enjoyed the considerable advantage of having no serious biological competitors for the mastery of the planet. So far, so good. Then came the familiar flash which the company's watchman had so frequently observed in other parts of the sky, and the computers were set to work.

The computers worked on the principle, based on past experience, that the gadgets which cause the flash will undergo the process known as progressive miniaturization: they will become ever smaller and more elegant, as suitcases and transistor radios and satellite equipment did. The computers accordingly took it for granted that an effective global control of the gadgets was in the long run impracticable on these grounds alone, and that in the foreseeable future they will be produced and stored in large quantities, from windswept Alaska to sunny Cairo and Tel Aviv. The computers were then fed relevant samples of the past behaviour of the race, and a long tape showing the location and intensity and frequency of the various potential and open conflicts on various parts of the planet. Finally they were fed the old but useful analogy about the problem-child left with a matchbox in a room filled with inflammable material; and were then asked to compute from these data: first, the chances of indefinite survival for *homo sapiens*; and, secondly, his probable remaining life-span.

I think that all of us imagine from time to time that we hear the computers clicking—not in outer space, but in the equally puzzling inner spaces of the human mind, with its private clocks and private calendars. For that, of course, is the space—call it the collective psyche, if you like—where our collective destiny is being computed. However, let me revert for another moment to my allegory, for at this point it takes an unexpected turn.

Congratulations from the Boss

The computers had finished their work; the attendant extracted the tape, looked at the figures and took it in to the boss. 'Pretty grim', he said, shaking his head in sympathy. The boss did not look at the tape; instead he dictated the following message to the planet:

'Congratulations. The results look pretty grim, but the company can only compute statistical probabilities, and the final outcome still depends on the individual client. We congratulate you, as usual on these occasions, on the mere fact that you have reached the age of maturity. Before that turning point you were assured of your survival, regardless of the nasty things you did. You were potentially immortal as a race, and in this secure knowledge you could indulge in all kinds of irresponsible behaviour. This is now changed, though you do not realize it yet. Your survival now depends on you and on you alone. The company can do nothing for you. Nature can do nothing more for you. Nature nursed and protected you before you reached maturity, even to the extent of

producing a surplus of male births to replenish your stock depleted by wars. Now you are stronger than Nature and entirely on your own.'

'The way you celebrated your reaching maturity was not pretty. But let it pass; there have been worse scandals in the galaxy. The company does not judge and does not punish, because once you are past the turning point you are your own judge and your own executioner. At this stage, justice works by automatic back-feed. Your race will never again feel quite safe, just as its individual members never have felt safe since the first of them ate the forbidden fruit of knowledge. But you need not be frightened about that; there are compensations. By learning to live with the sober awareness of its possible extinction, your race may derive the same spiritual benefits which the individual derived from coming to terms with his own mortality.'

'These benefits were of course considerable. You no doubt remember your old sage who said that philosophy is the history of man's endeavours to come to terms with death. And since philosophy is a Good Thing, death must be a Good Thing—or at least awareness thereof. Take that word out of your vocabulary and your great works of literature become meaningless; take that awareness away and your cathedrals collapse, the pyramids vanish into the sand, and the great organs become silent. You know all this, but since you live in an age of anxiety and transition, you condemn all concern with death as morbid in the indignant tones of your Victorian prudes. You deny Thanatos as the Victorians denied Eros; you shrink from the facts of death as they shrank from the facts of life. And yet the philosophy of man, the art of man, the dignity of man is derived from his brave endeavours to reconcile Eros and Thanatos.'

'You are entering as an adult the large family of our clients—around half a million in your galaxy alone; I always forget their exact figure because they come and vanish so fast, much quicker than a single galactic rotation. Nobody interferes with them; those who vanish are their own executioners because they prove in the long run unfit for existence. Those who survive flourish because they have discovered their cosmic *raison d'être*. The rest is up to you. All the company can do is to wish you good luck—as we always do on these occasions'.

Back to the Medieval Universe?

To come back to earth—though I do not think we have really left it for a moment—let me conclude by a brief comparison between our present outlook and that of roughly 500 years before Hiroshima. The medieval universe was like a walled-in city with firm boundaries in space and time, a few million miles in diameter and a few thousand years in duration. In this closed universe a well-ordered drama was taking its course which began with the Creation and would end when the trumpet sounded and the four horsemen appeared in the sky. In one sense we have reverted to that vision: we are no longer sure that *homo sapiens* will go on for ever, and we again feel that the Last Judgment may take place in the foreseeable future. But in another sense we have moved away from that vision: for we know that the end of *homo sapiens* would not be the end of the world, merely the end of an episode in a drama on an incomparably larger scale than the medieval scenery allowed for.

In other words, the necessity of getting reconciled with the idea of his possible extinction may breed a new humility and may rid man of that biological jingoism which made him regard himself as the crown of creation. The idea that the world will go on even if mankind does not may prove an antidote to that cosmic anxiety which has held us in its grip since the burning star fell on Hiroshima, distorted our sense of values, exposed us to various forms of blackmail, undermined our dignity and our power of decision. Schopenhauer, wrongly described as a pessimist, regarded himself as a mortal leaf on an immortal tree, a leaf to be replaced next year by another, nourished by the same sap. Gradually we shall perhaps learn that the leaves which bud into life and sail away in the autumn symbolize not only individuals but other great civilizations dotted along the vaporous branches of the expanding universe. We shall be more at peace then. But it will take some time. After all, we have only just entered the fifteenth year of the new era.—*Third Programme*

The Future of the Railways

H. P. BARKER considers a world-wide problem

MANY of the world's railways are in economic trouble. Here in Britain, these troubles have existed for thirty years at least. It is clear that some common causes must lie at the root of the world-wide railway problem.

The root cause is that while railways are neither uneconomic nor obsolete in themselves, they are engaged in an excruciatingly painful transformation from being virtually the sole carriers of everything to a new state where they share the inland transport business with competitors. When the railways were laid out only the horse existed to complement them. In consequence, railway networks were ubiquitous, all the veins being needed to serve the arteries. The arrival of the motor-car and lorry caused some veins to wither. The problem of adapting a railway system is essentially that of concentration upon the arteries.

In viewing modernization of railways there are three current standpoints. There are those who flatly assert that railways in the modern world are inherently uneconomic and conceptually obsolete, and who say that railways should be abolished and converted into roads. This in my view is demonstrable technical nonsense. Then there are those who say that the railways, although continuing to be essential for certain purposes, are, taken as a whole, uneconomic and should be relegated to a status of subsidized gentility like an indigent aunt. Finally, there are those who see that railways are engaged in a painful rebirth and that when this is completed they will again become self-supporting economically in a new and rationalized form. I adhere strongly to this view.

Let us consider the foundation facts first. There are two tasks at which railways excel and make money. One is the transport of freight in train loads over almost all distances. The other is the

transport of passengers over distances from, say, 100 to 500 miles; at the shorter distance the road competes seriously—at the longer, the air. In both of these tasks the railways can compete successfully and indefinitely if they are correctly organized and equipped for the purpose. Therein lies their inherent strength. But economically offsetting these two functions are others which,



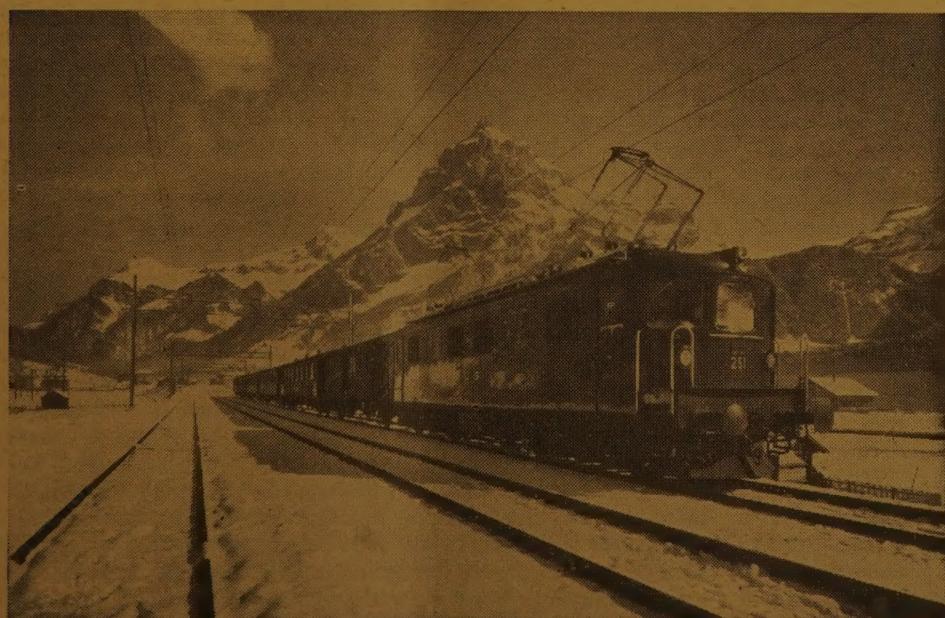
In England: express hauled by a diesel locomotive—a pattern of future modernization on which the Transport Commission has been permitted by Parliament to 'expend a great sum'

although the railways can perform them satisfactorily, they can mostly do so only at a higher cost than the traffic can be persuaded to bear. One of these sub-economic activities is the transport of merchandise in small consignments or even in single wagon-loads over short distances. Another is the transport of people to work into and out of the great cities in the morning and evening.

So much for the generalities. Now let us consider the obstructions which impede the transformation of a railway system. These may be loosely divided into five categories. The first is the existence in varying degrees, and in most countries, of what I will

term statutory oppressions, being the unresolved hang-over of the departed monopoly era. The second is the traditional obligation to the public to provide certain types of passenger service which do not pay, but which are none the less socially indispensable. The third is often lack of capital for modernization. The fourth is the existence of technical difficulties, which cannot be solved by money alone, and there are more of these than the man in the street realizes. The fifth lies in the resistance to change which is often manifested in and towards institutions devoted to public service. This resistance can take many and damaging forms and can weaken the sense of purpose of the managements.

To what degree do these five factors bear upon and impede British Railways in their transformation? As for the first, much of the statutory oppression has been lifted from their shoulders, though some remains. They now enjoy a wide measure of commercial freedom in freight charges though a still restricted freedom on passenger fares. As for the second, the obligations to provide un-



In Switzerland where the railways are 'helped' by 'topography and climate'

profitable but essential services—these can be borne, and gladly borne, to the degree that the swings can pay for the roundabouts. It is certainly no part of the railwayman's philosophy that each and every service must pay its own way considered in isolation.

As for money for modernization, British Railways have in the past had to take their place in the queue, and because the arrears have accumulated for so long, they have been faced with the need to modernize with convulsive urgency. Parliament has recognized the need for modernization and is permitting the Commission to expend a great sum, roundly £1,600,000,000, upon it. The shorter the period over which this money can be made available and spent, the better.

As for technical problems, these are exceedingly intricate. All the most important ones can be solved, though some need time as well as money, because the solutions envisaged cannot be brought into effect over a short period. Lastly, as for resistance, railwaymen have the defects of their qualities. They are in their personal capacities the most devoted and faithful of industrial men. But flexibility and acceptance of change are not among their collective virtues.

From what I have said so far, it is clear that geographical considerations play an important part in railway economics. Large countries, such as the United States, Canada, and Russia, provide the best back-cloth for railway operation, and it is no coincidence that in these countries the economic performance of railways is, taken over all, much better than in England or continental Europe.

But to every generality there are qualifications. In the United States, railways are bedevilled by oppressive restrictions in the charges they make for freight, and particularly in the east by severe difficulties in their commuter services. Also their cities are rather too far apart to enable the railways to compete effectively against the air for passenger traffic. But in the three great countries I have mentioned, their long-distance freight is an economic bed-rock on which they rest. In Britain, geography is only on the side of the railways in the carriage of passengers between cities. The distances between many of our cities are, so to speak, just right for railways, and I have no doubt that the modernized railway system of the future will retain and develop this traffic. On the freight side, the railways enjoy a large traffic in coal which provides a third of their revenue, and several other traffics such as iron ore, in which the railways are deeply integrated into the industries they serve.

On the Continent, the picture is a mixed one. We see the French railways, which provide highly efficient services with modern equipment, yet which operate at a big loss. Here, the dominant difficulty is their inability to charge adequate fares, the rigidity of their freight tariffs, and the statutory burdens they carry, for example, in the pensions of railwaymen who retire at the rather unreasonable age of fifty-five.

In Switzerland, the railways enjoy the advantage that, although the country is small, their topography and climate help them. It is hard to build a good road system in a mountainous country with a severe winter climate. They also enjoy a profitable transit traffic. The German railways, on the other hand, face problems not dissimilar from our own, though they enjoy a greater measure of protection from excessive road competition. The Italians have to provide services over long distances where the traffics are meagre,

and their railways have suffered from capital starvation. The Dutch railways, which are widely praised for their economic performance, do not enjoy great natural advantages, and are a good example of what can be achieved when modernization reaches full maturity and is allied with a proper mingling of rail, road, and water.

I mention these foreign railways to illustrate that, although the problems of all railways have essential unities, their economic performance is so much governed by geographic and economic environment that it is hard to say that one railway system is in absolute terms better or more efficient than another.

Most governments are preoccupied with railway problems, but that does not mean that railways must be treated as the business of government. Governments can do a great deal to change the framework, but perhaps less than they often believe to change

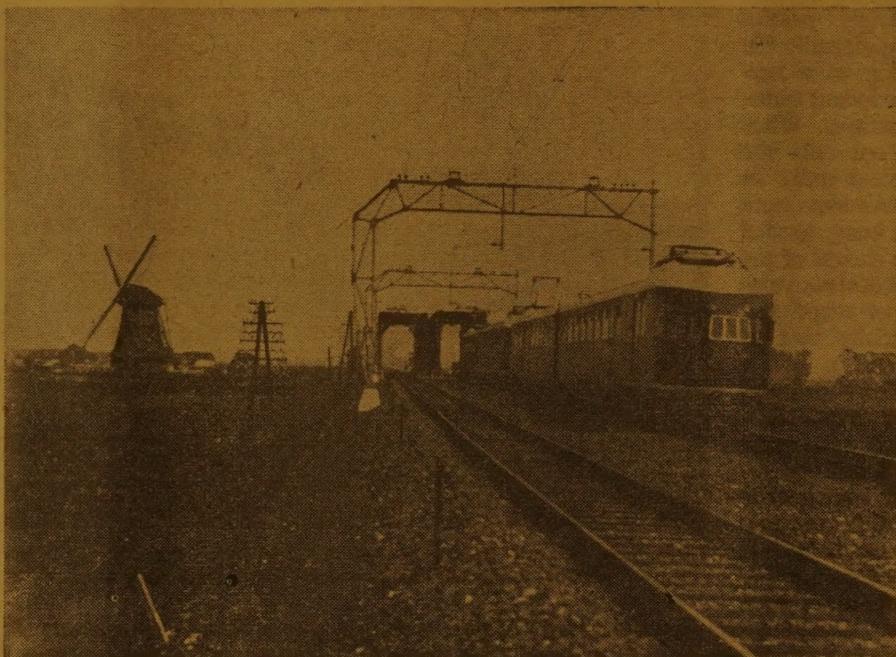
the picture within the frame. Successive governments in this country have treated the railways with much understanding, goodwill, and courage. They may well find that their policies eventually prove more successful than they may think at this critical moment.

Among all these perplexities, it is possible to extract one objective which all railway managements seek. This is the reduction of the cost of providing the services which can be sold. To attain reduced costs in any industrial operation, the method of the engineer is that of simplification. The achievements of manufacturing industry in the last fifty years

have been based on the principle of organized simplification. The engineer invokes two classical allies in his effort. The first is reduction in the variety of the products or services to be produced; the second is an urge to employ technical equipment which is simple to use even though it is complicated within itself. In my judgment, simplified operation of railways should be pursued as an end in itself. Unnecessary complication in any industry produces strains, rigidities, and low productivity. Simplification is the great liberator.

Consider a locomotive-hauled train coming into a terminal station, with the engine in front. When the train is discharged, the coaches must be taken away from the station to one place, the engine must be backed out of the platform to another place. Presently the coaches must be backed in again for the return journey and the engine turned round and restored to its place in the front. It is easy to see in the eye of the mind how many human actions and what complication is involved by such a familiar manoeuvre. It is also easy to see that the manoeuvre is unproductive. The simplified solution is of course a passenger train that can run in both directions, with its motive-power built in like the familiar suburban electric train and the new multiple-unit Diesel trains.

Another example is the hauling of a single wagon-load of merchandise from a siding in one city to another siding elsewhere. First an engine has to be despatched to collect the wagon, and signalmen have to route the engine to the siding. The wagon has to be dragged to a collecting point, joined up with other wagons, and hauled with them to a marshalling yard where the wagons are split up and marshalled into trains, each train bound to its separate main destination. When these destinations are reached, the trains have to be broken up again, and our original wagon shunted into its destination siding. If one imagines the whole gamut of action and



In Holland, where 'the railways are widely praised for their economic performance'

decision-making involved in this operation it is clearly inherently too complicated.

This particular problem intensely preoccupies railway management at this time. Much is being done by modernized marshalling methods to ameliorate it, but there are many who think that the manoeuvring of single wagons is in a fundamental way too complicated an operation to be profitable. A motor lorry considered as a single wagon is a much better device for exercising complicated short-distance manoeuvres at low cost than a railway wagon can ever be. A train load of wagons moving along a main line at forty-five miles an hour is another thing, and is a very profitable operation. It is conceptually simple and demonstrably rational.

The essential simplification to be sought in small countries like Britain is, I think, for the railways to concentrate to the greatest possible extent upon the train-load movements at which they excel, to regard trains and not wagons as the unit of movement, and to bend their activities more and more to the loading of trains which will not be broken up in component wagons.

An allied example of simplification lies in the greater employment of containers of all kinds into which the goods are loaded by the consignor and reach the consignee untouched by hand in transit. It is obviously simpler and more efficient to load and unload a container full of packages on to a train than to load the packages one at a time.

Simplification a Primary Objective

Although it is not often said in these terms, simplification is a primary objective of modernization. Although a Diesel locomotive is a much more complicated piece of machinery than a steam engine, the fact is that it can do at least twice the work in a day if the tasks set for it are repetitive by nature. In consequence you need far fewer Diesel locomotives than steam. It is easy to see how this simplifies the operation of the system, by reducing the quantum of unproductive action and administration.

British Railways suffer at this time from the inheritance of an excessive quantity of rolling stock for the work which is done, yet despite this at any given moment the railways can be short of wagons or coaches. The number of wagons needed on a railway is determined not by the number of miles they roll on business but by the number of hours and days during which for various reasons they have to stand idle awaiting loading, marshalling, or discharging. This problem is an exceedingly intractable inheritance.

Another example of potential simplification is coal wagons, which are notoriously too small. They cannot be replaced by bigger ones all at once, because the loading and discharging facilities were designed for small wagons. The total fleet of nearly 1,000,000 wagons, nearly all of which are needed at peak times, is an 'old man of the sea' which hangs round the neck of the railways, for the wagons have to be maintained, stored, and at off-peak times are idle in their thousands. The simplification of wagon and freight movement would liberate British Railways and reduce their costs to a degree which is hard to project in money. Similarly with passenger rolling stock: a great deal of rolling stock of British Railways is used very little, some of it only to carry the peak traffic of the holiday seasons. Here, again, simplified and rationalized operations will liberate the railways from a great incubus. All the problems are well understood, but the benefits which will flow from their solution are often underrated.

Another example of the scope for simplification in Britain is the fact that freight is handled and transhipped from road to rail at too many points. In the old days before the motor lorry the location of railway terminals was determined by the range of a horse. Today the horse has gone, but many of the terminals remain. It is easy to see how the handling of freight can be simplified as the number of terminals is reduced.

I have discussed the obstacles which impede railway modernization. Simplification is a stern taskmaster, and when its pursuit involves changing the way of life of an individual, he often reacts unreasonably, even if it is clear that the change is for the common good, and even for his own. Railway management must use every device to accelerate the pace of modernization and simplification, and must use sympathy, firmness, and above all demonstration to persuade customers and employees of the benefits which will flow.

What conclusions can validly be affirmed from all this? The first is that a modernized and simplified railway system in Britain

can be and must be achieved. It is, as Sir Brian Robertson said the other day, a major surgical operation which must be carried out without anaesthetics. It is as inevitable that the patient will complain as it is that he will be thankful and happy when the operation is completed.

Secondly, far from being an outmoded instrument, the pressure of public interest in the railways is a measure of the public need of them. An efficient railway system in Britain, soon now to be achieved, will bring great rewards. The end will justify the means, and in my view, the money. If I am asked to say whether the railways will be self-supporting when it is all done, my answer in the broad sense is 'yes', given freedom, time, and flexibility of operation. Meantime the cash consequences of the accumulated deficit amounting to more than £350,000,000 poses problems for the Government and the British Transport Commission which are grave and urgent indeed, though certainly not a cause of despair. It must be said that, unlike an ordinary business, the B.T.C. pays interest on its capital before and not after striking its annual accounting balance. During the years of nationalization the total sum paid out in interest is about the same as the accumulated deficit. Viewed this way, the B.T.C.'s financial history is by no means a 'rake's progress'.

Modernization came late to British Railways, but one must not blame railwaymen for that, nor for that matter should one blame the post-war governments. One must blame the economics of the nineteen-thirties and the second world war. There is, however, more than a crumb of comfort to be derived from the fact that British Railways are among the last great systems to modernize. When the task is completed we shall not simply own a modern railway system, we shall have the most modern system in the world. In the meantime it is a hard thing to be living at home when the builders are in, but we cannot reasonably complain too much of the noise of the hammers or the smell of the paint.

—Third Programme

THE LISTENER

next week will be a

SPRING BOOK NUMBER

Among the books reviewed will be the following:

Full Circle: The Memoirs of Sir Anthony Eden
Reviewed by Lord Morrison of Lambeth

Literature and Western Man. By J. B. Priestley
Reviewed by Angus Wilson

The Dandy. By Ellen Moers
Reviewed by William Plomer

My Poor Arthur. By Elizabeth Hanson
Reviewed by Enid Starkie

Senator Joe McCarthy. By Richard Rovere
Reviewed by Geoffrey Gorer

The City of Cambridge. Royal Commission on Historical Monuments of England.
Reviewed by Dom David Knowles

Off the Record with F.D.R. By William D. Hassett
Reviewed by D. W. Brogan

This number will contain 60 pages and will be published at the usual price of sixpence

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1960

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Gothic Spirit

G.K. CHESTERTON once wrote that 'the most wonderful thing about Gothic was the spontaneous individual craftsmanship' of those concerned in it. After referring to the kind of grotesques and stone caricatures which are so typical of the Gothic movement in art architecture, he went on to declare that 'this sort of variety within a framework of unity was the real merit of the medieval world, and it is nearly impossible in the modern world'. In these sentences, Chesterton touched both on what he believed to be the heart of the Gothic achievement and on the impossibility of recapturing its spirit. What the admirer of today most associates with this spirit is indeed the craftsmanship of those European masons and stained glass artists who took part during the twelfth century—particularly in France—in building the soaring cathedrals that are its chief glory. But what the admirer may also notice about Gothic is that however detailed are the contributions of individual craftsmen to such buildings as Chartres or Amiens, all of them have been absorbed into the general design. Their cumulative effect only increases the architectural 'triumph' of Gothic, as Mr. Alec Clifton-Taylor calls it in his article on another page.

How and why were the Gothic cathedrals built? Undoubtedly, the activity that produced those designed between 1140 and 1200 was part of that renaissance of learning which swept through the cathedral schools of Europe throughout the twelfth century. As a style Gothic was a naturally contrasting successor to the Romanesque out of which it grew. And yet to some extent the new learning, even the fresh interest in mathematics, is reflected in the elaborate intellectual exterior of a Gothic building. The towering proportions and sunlit interiors of Gothic seemed also to fit in—better than those of any earlier style of architecture—with the rediscovered ideas of Plato and St. Augustine on light and harmony. And a considerable impetus was given to Gothic through the fact that the Abbot of one of the first buildings to be put up, Suger of St.-Denis near Paris, was a brilliant amateur architect. Above all, perhaps, the Abbot of Clairvaux, St. Bernard, had just recently been insisting that religious art and music should be attuned to religious experience, thereby presenting a challenge to a new generation of churchmen and architects alike. It became a central idea of Gothic cathedral-building that the house of God should be worthy of Him and should seem to reach up to heaven itself.

Chesterton hinted that such enterprises might have little place in the modern world. Certainly, when the building of Liverpool Cathedral was begun in 1903, it was only the third to be undertaken in England since the Reformation. Yet, when completed, it will be larger than any cathedral of Europe, with the exception of St. Peter's, Seville, and Milan. Only a fortnight ago the chairman of the cathedral committee announced that the death of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, the architect of Liverpool, would not hold up the work in progress there, for which plans were completed for the next fifteen years ahead. All along, it has been the particular virtue of Scott's final design that the symmetry of it should contain an implicit demand that the building must one day be finished. Yet even unfinished Liverpool Cathedral is already comparable in grandeur with many buildings of the twelfth century.

What They Are Saying

Mr. Khrushchev as technical salesman

MOSCOW HOME SERVICE has broadcast conversations between Mr. Khrushchev and Indian engineers and officials at the Bhilai steel plant during the Russian Prime Minister's recent visit to India. A commentator declared that the plant was 'being built by Soviet and Indian specialists and workers in an atmosphere of great creative enthusiasm'. Mr. Khrushchev had explained to his Indian interlocutors that he had himself studied metallurgy and often had to tackle 'important metallurgical problems'. He had expressed gratification with the performance of the Russian equipment at Bhilai, and continued:

In your country steel plants are also being built by the British and the Germans; consequently you can make a comparison and check how modern this equipment really is. In any case, we started building the Bhilai plant later. Yet our plant gives several times more metal than the plants which were started earlier.

Mr. Khrushchev, as reported, then paid a delicate compliment to the late Mr. Henry Ford:

I call the Bhilai plant 'our plant' because it is really dear to us. I remember when we concluded a contract with Ford—it was a long time ago—for the construction of an automobile plant in Gorky; and the plant was built, Ford, when he sent instructions to his factories in America, also sent copies to Gorky. . . . In them Ford called the Gorky plant: 'my branch'. We understood Ford and did not take offence.

The Soviet Prime Minister recommended his Indian hosts to consider now the second stage of their plant at Bhilai. He recalled that, in the Soviet Union, it had been found advantageous to enlarge the Magnitogorsk steel plant, increasing its output from 6,000,000 to 12,000,000 tons a year, instead of building a new one. Mr. Khrushchev next informed the Indian engineers that he was 'an ardent supporter' of reinforced concrete in preference to metal structures for buildings:

We feel that the Indian Government was cautious in this respect; reinforced concrete needs perhaps 90 per cent. less metal than metal structures do. It will be very profitable for you. It is also known that reinforced concrete is more reliable than metal. In the Soviet Union we have sharply expanded production of it in the last five years. I advise you to send your construction engineers to the Soviet Union to study this matter thoroughly.

According to Moscow, the Indian Minister of Industry, Manubhai Shah, who was present at the conversations, then agreed that the use of reinforced concrete would be feasible. Mr. Khrushchev next made a delicate allusion to 'narrow departmentalism' of metallurgists who did not recognize chemistry. 'I am referring to *our* designers', he said; 'maybe this does not apply to yours'. 'We also have such failings', the Indian Minister was reported as having replied. 'Frankly speaking, I noticed this shortcoming here', rejoined the indefatigable Mr. Khrushchev, 'the processing of slag was not envisaged at your plant. Had this been provided for in the design the workshops would have been more rationally located, thus avoiding unnecessary haulage costs'.

'Now I should like to say a few words about home building', said the Soviet Prime Minister, and continued:

The home building I have seen here is greatly influenced by primitiveness and peasants' psychology. . . . But in urban-type housing estates one must build four- or five-storey houses. Are you indeed so rich as to build wastefully? If I were to see such home building at a steel mills in the Soviet Union I would strongly criticize those who are to blame. . . . We could design for you a modern housing estate if you want. Experienced designers, engineers and architects could be selected for this job. You would examine the draft and adopt it if it suits you, and reject it if it does not.

According to Moscow radio, the Indian Minister reacted again in positive fashion, and said he welcomed this idea. Following further suggestions by Mr. Khrushchev concerning the merits, for India, of concrete reinforced with bamboo or reed, the Indian Minister was reported to have asked the Russian Prime Minister to send out an architect. 'Rely upon me, regard me as your agent in Moscow', replied Mr. Khrushchev.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

MAKING BARBITURATES SAFE

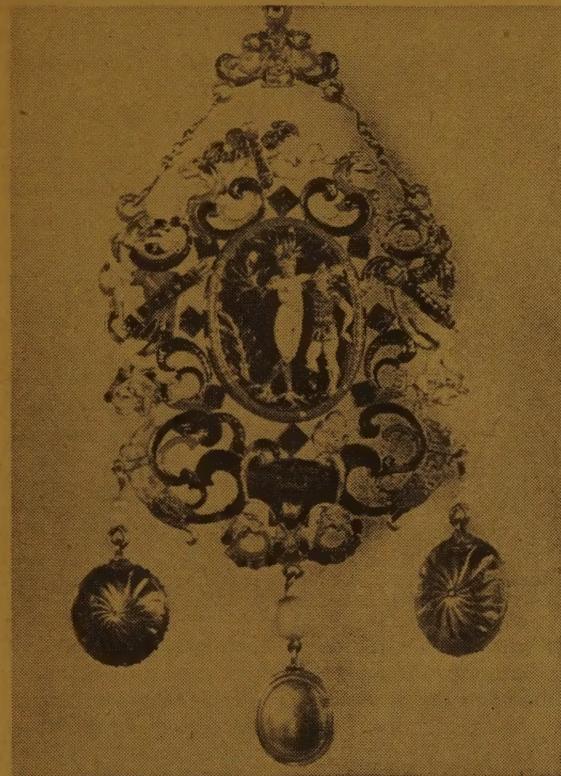
'THE PATIENT WHO cannot sleep at night is one of the oldest problems in medical practice', said HENRY GENESE in 'Science and Industry' (General Overseas Service). 'Nowadays, with the stress of modern life, he has also become one of the commonest. That is why more than 15,000,000 prescriptions for sleeping drugs—"hypnotics", as they are called—were issued last year in Great Britain alone: ten per cent. of all National Health prescriptions.

'By far the commonest hypnotics are the barbiturates, usually made up into capsules or pills for convenient treatment. They act by depressing the activity of the brain, and in large enough doses they will depress it altogether; in fact cause death. That is the danger of them. In Britain, about 6,000 people die of barbiturate poisoning each year. Some of these are deliberate suicides; a few are children who find the tablets and think they are sweets; but the largest number of barbiturate deaths are purely accidental. A person who takes barbiturates regularly each night before going to bed may wake up during the night because of some outside stimulus. He will not wake completely; he will be stupid with sleep, and in his confusion he will take another dose of barbiturate, possibly an overdose, without realizing what he is doing.'

'Recently, there has been a discovery that may put an end to some of these accidents. It is called "megimide" or "benigride", and it was discovered in Australia. It is a drug that stimulates the brain. In small doses it has practically no action, but as the dose increases the action increases dramatically. Moreover, megimide seems to act specifically against barbiturates, so by mixing small quantities of megimide into a barbiturate pill, the latter gets an "automatic cut-out device". A safe dose of the hypnotic will not contain enough megimide to be active, but an overdose will have enough megimide in it to cancel out the barbiturate almost completely.'

JEWELLERY DOWN THE AGES

'In the City Museum at Birmingham', said ERNLE BRADFORD, in 'Today' (Home Service) 'cases and display stands sparkle with gold, silver, diamonds, rubies, and every lesser gem-stone



Two pieces of jewellery in the exhibition at Birmingham Museum: an Italian pendant (1500-1550): the figures represent Daphne and Apollo; the drops are an eighteenth-century addition—

Lent by H.M. the Queen

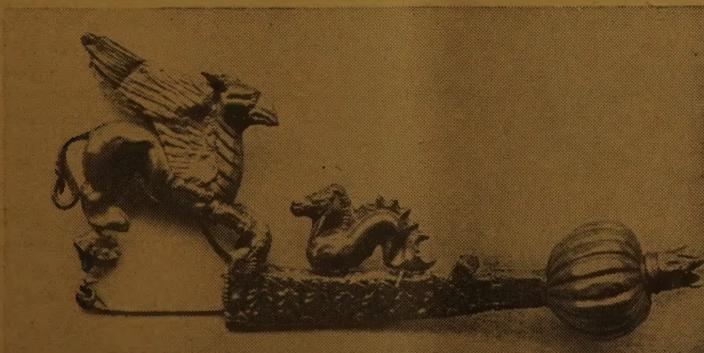
baroque pearls turned into sea monsters, elegant necklaces of diamonds and emeralds, and huge bronze armlets from Scotland'.

WAR THROUGH AN ARTIST'S EYES

An artist who has devoted himself to studying man in the chaotic and frightening business of war is the painter and sculptor Eric Kennington, some of whose best work is on show to the public at the Imperial War Museum in London. DOUGLAS BROWN, B.B.C. reporter, described some of the exhibits in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'War', he said, 'as everyone knows who has experienced it, is a parochial affair for most of those taking part. Only for the generals is it a vast panorama of assault and defence, of movement of armour and vehicles, of massive quantities of munitions and rations and stores. But for the soldier his awareness is only of his own surroundings, his tent or his dugout, his rifle or sub-machine gun, his particular "buddies", his tank or his truck, the house in the village they captured, the ditch or hedge he fell back to, the cook-house, the Naafi. These are the kind of things Eric Kennington chose for his subjects. War did not tempt him to dramatize what he saw or to force an artificial note of violence. There are no sidelights on Armageddon, such as you find in Sutherland or Henry Moore or Nash.'

'Mr. Kennington knows very well what life is like for the private soldier. He went to France in 1914 as a private in the 13th London Regiment (the Kensingtons). He was invalided out in June 1915. He then painted his best-known picture, "The



—and a Scythian or Greek brooch (c. 400-300 B.C.) from the Crimea, in the Birmingham Museum's own collection

under the sun. This is the largest exhibition of its kind ever to be held in the provinces, and Birmingham has made a magnificent job of it.'

'It is much more than just a simple exhibition of some famous, historic pieces of jewellery. One section gives the gemmological background of the stones—the plain, sometimes unattractive matrix that leads up to the final polished gem-stone. And in another

section one can see the industrial and commercial uses of the diamond. But the jewellery itself is a revelation: it ranges from 2000 B.C. to the end of the nineteenth century. One finds oneself starting with faience bead necklaces that once belonged to Egyptian nobles, and ending up with parasol handles and an enamelled and gem-set thermometer made by Fabergé in the last days of the Russian Tsars.'

'There are Roman rings and pendants made at the time when the first Roman roads were being cut through Britain. But later we too made our unique contribution to the art of jewellery: there is the Kingston Brooch, of about A.D. 600, to prove it: with its garnets, lapis-lazuli, and beaded filigree gold-work, it is a striking reminder that the so-called Dark Ages produced some wonderful craftsmanship.'

'There are fine Renaissance pieces in this exhibition: a gold enamelled hat badge, for instance, that was once worn by Henry VIII, who was a great lover of jewellery. The Venetian ambassador described him wearing "a cap of crimson velvet, the brim looped up all round with lacets and gold tags. Very close round his neck he had a gold collar, from which there hung a rough-cut diamond, the size of the largest walnut I ever saw. . . .".

There are jewels in the shape of ships, baroque pearls turned into sea monsters, elegant necklaces of diamonds and emeralds, and huge bronze armlets from Scotland'.

Kensingtons at Laventie". It is a pity it is not shown; there is only a photograph of it. It is one of the finest pictures to come out of either wars and portrays a group of men from the artist's own platoon—including himself—just arriving at billets on a winter's day after an exhausting spell of duty in the trenches. He painted it on the back of a large sheet of glass.

'In December 1916, at his own request, he was back at the front, first as an unofficial and then as an official war artist. Most of his talent was devoted to the side of war he knew best—the life and surroundings of the private soldier. The stark landscape of war in winter much attracted him. The bleak views of cookhouses and army huts in the snow are particularly effective. The most evocative picture of all, perhaps, is a shattered tree-trunk dominating a landscape flat and battered—a tree-stump with a few poppies beside it. As well as the landscape and still life of battle, there are portraits too, and one of the finest is the half-length "Indian Soldier", a pastel drawing on brown paper. Most of the work is pastel—pastel in the hands of a man who knows what this medium can and cannot do.'

'Portraits of airmen—the illustrious and the unknown—make up most of his work of the second world war. His technique has changed. He now uses pastel to give the effect of oils. He suggests the character of all his sitters very vividly. These portraits, too, show his skill in indicating in pastel the texture and quality of materials like leather and cloth. His works reminded me of Binyon's line: "There is beauty in the midst of desolation": that, I think, is the way Kennington saw things'.

PENGUINS IN PATAGONIA

While in Argentina GERALD DURRELL travelled 2,000 miles from Buenos Aires, the capital, to the shores of Patagonia, to see a colony of penguins. In a talk in the Home Service he described the scene:

'Ahead of us the scrub gradually petered out into a desert of sun-cracked sand. This was separated from the sea beyond by a crescent of sand dunes some 200 feet high. Here, inside the arms of the crescent, protected from the sea wind, the penguins had created their city. As far as the eye could see there were penguins (2,000,000 of them, I was told). The ground was pock-marked with nesting burrows. Each one of these burrows contained one or two baby penguins, wearing thick coats of down, looking as if someone had philanthropically but untidily dressed them all in outsize fur coats.'

'The parent birds would take it in turn to go down to the sea to collect fish for the youngsters. One parent stood guard at the nest, while the other, either male or female, set out early in the morning to cover about a mile and a half of difficult country before reaching the sea.'

'First, they had to cross a desert-like area. Here the sand and stones rapidly became too hot to touch, and it must have been very painful for the birds waddling across it. When they reached the other side they were faced with the sand dunes towering above them. As they reached the base of this mountain of white sand the penguins would pause for a short rest. Then they would rush at the slope, trying to get the worst of it over quickly. But, about half way up, they would get slower and slower, and they would pause frequently to rest,

flopping down on their tummies. In the steeper parts they used their wings to help them in the climb, walking, as it were, on all fours.'

'When they reached the crest they would lie down to rest, and preen their disarranged feathers. Going downhill was simple, and they had two methods of doing it: some of them would start off at a sedate walk that became quicker and quicker as the slope got steeper, until they were galloping along in the most undignified manner; others would just slide down on their tummies, using their wings to get up speed, looking like miniature tobogganers sliding down the snow-white sand dunes. When they reached the bottom of the dune they had about another half-mile of baking desert to cross before they reached the shingle beach and the cool sea. This exhausting journey had to be undertaken several times a day.'

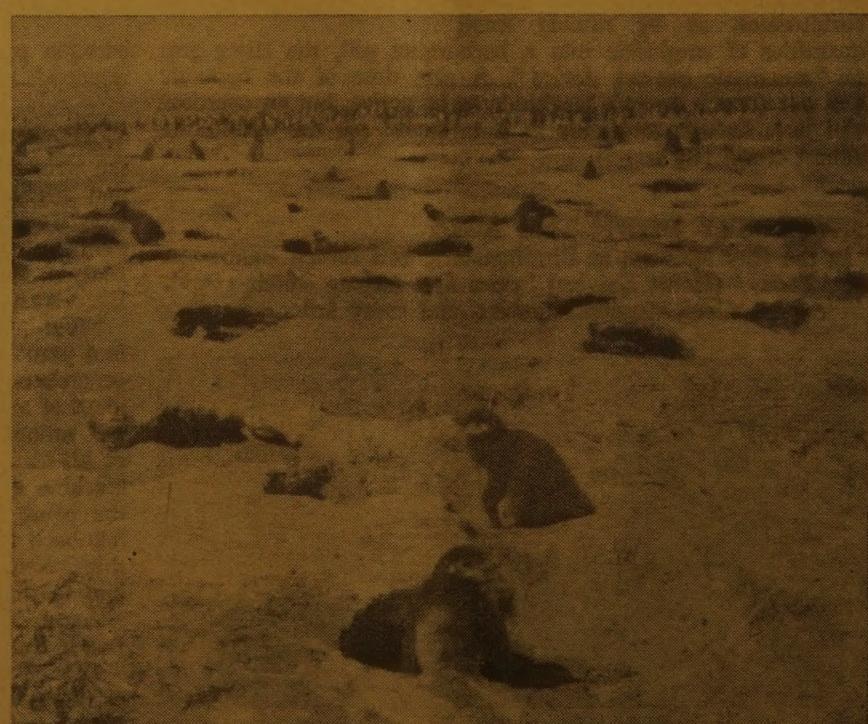
'When the parent reached home its chicks would launch themselves at it, fur coats fluttering, and waltz round and round. The parent, meanwhile, would stand there with a pensive look on its face; then, suddenly, the regurgitation would take place. The parent would lean forward with open beak, and the baby would hurl itself forward and its head would disappear down the adult's throat.'

'The adult penguins seemed very affectionate, frequently embracing with their wings round each other in the most human fashion, and then clattering castanets, in the penguin equivalent of a kiss. Many of the birds had presumably lost both their chicks. These childless couples would walk slowly round the colony together, peering into other penguins' nest holes, stuffed with fat babies, and they generally received a peck from an irate parent. Then they would walk on, occasionally stopping to embrace and clatter their beaks together.'

'In spite of all the activity going on among the crowds of penguins I found the area weird, lonely, and somehow sad'.



'Indian Soldier', by Eric Kennington: from the exhibition at the Imperial War Museum



Colony of Magellan penguins on the coast of Patagonia

Jacqueline Durrell

Who Taught Me Language?

By JOHN L. M. TRIM

WHEN the *Société de Linguistique de Paris* was founded in 1866 that doyenne of modern linguistic societies solemnly incorporated into its statutes a rule that 'the society does not admit any communication concerning either the origin of language or the creation of a universal language'. But this self-denying ordinance could not prevent the problem of the origin of language from continuing to exercise its perennial fascination.

The production of works on the topic has gone on unabated—the latest, *The History and Origin of Language*, by Dr. A. S. Diamond*, was published last autumn—but the attitude of the world of professional linguists has been, for the most part, one of aloof disapproval. This attitude occasions considerable surprise among workers in other fields (particularly the biological sciences) who become interested in problems of language. After all, the concept of evolution has been exceptionally fruitful and the origin of man is a matter of continuing scientific inquiry. Can the lack of interest displayed by linguists in the surely related origin of language be justified?

The decision of the *Société* is certainly not hard to understand, since it followed a century of incessant speculation with little foundation. In earlier times the account given in Genesis had been accepted, though there was some controversy among the humanists whether Hebrew was the original language or whether it had been confused at Babel and corrupted during the Captivity. Eighteenth-century rationalism rejected the idea of a divine origin of language, seeing its history as one of progressive refinement from barbarous beginnings by the exercise of taste and reason.

Sanskrit: a Primordial Language

Towards the end of the century Sanskrit, the language of the sacred writings of ancient India, became known in the West. It was a language of great beauty and regularity, obviously closely related to the major languages of Europe: Greek, Latin, the Germanic languages, and Celtic. Many irregularities in the grammar of these languages could be understood as the effects of phonetic decay upon the original clear declensions and conjugations of Sanskrit. Here, at last, was the primordial language of pristine beauty and regularity of which all our latter-day languages are decadent corruptions. But after a while, it became clear that Sanskrit, whilst conservative in some ways, was in others an innovator. To reconstruct the primeval *Ursprache* all languages of the group had to be scoured for archaic features.

As work progressed the original Indo-European *Ursprache* became increasingly remote in time, the homeland of the people who spoke it increasingly difficult to establish. In any case, the Indo-European languages, though widely spoken, make up only a small minority of the world's languages. And an antiquity of 5,000 years appears less impressive if we are to look for the origin of the human species something like half a million years back. By the mid-nineteenth century it was abundantly clear that it was in such terms that we must be thinking. In addition, the general lessons of the historical study of language discouraged any search for ultimate origins.

Spoken language is in constant flux. The sound system, the composition and combination of forms, their mode of employment, all vary widely within a community at one time and shift in value continuously even though speakers may be unaware of the fact. After all, language is not transmitted genetically. Continuity is based not upon extremely stable nucleic acids but simply upon imitation, and the need for all people alive at one time and in one place to understand each other. This allows of relatively rapid change. Where written records of literate communities are available to us we can follow the process in considerable detail. We find that no part of language structure is immune to change, that change proceeds at differential speeds

in different communities and is highly specific in operation. The pattern of language change in a community can be traced *a posteriori*, but the 'laws' of change discovered are simply generalized descriptive statements of historical processes at particular times and places, devoid of any predictive value. In particular, they do not allow us to extrapolate backwards to any more than an extremely limited extent. Certainly not over tens or hundreds of thousands of years.

Nineteenth-century Speculations

Nevertheless, theories of the origin of language proliferated in the mid-nineteenth century, all dominated by the image of an ape-like creature dropping from the branches of some primeval forest, dragging himself semi-erect and grunting out his first semi-articulate words. It is no wonder that academic linguists, who were fully engaged in developing a rigorous methodology of description and comparison and applying it to the range of extant texts; who were ever more insistent upon the need for exact observation and precise formulation; and who saw a solid structure of knowledge emerging from their labours, should lose patience with such speculations. The American linguist Whitney expressed a general weariness when he wrote: 'No theme in linguistic science is more often and more voluminously treated than this, and by scholars of every grade and tendency; nor any, it may be added, with less profitable results in proportion to the labour expended'.

We may then understand the attitude of the *Société de Linguistique*, but the question whether it is justified remains. Some linguists have not thought so. Jesperson, for example, stated firmly that the problems of the origin of language and of progress in language 'admit of really scientific treatment and should be submitted to serious discussion'. His own ultimate conclusion was that language originated in song—'half-musical unanalyzed expressions for individual beings and solitary events'. From this point, 'the evolution of language shows a progressive tendency from inseparable irregular conglomerations to freely and regularly combinable short elements'.

This view has much to recommend it. It implies a progressive reduction of redundancy in language. A condensed language of short, freely commutable elements makes greater demands upon speaker and listener, who must respectively formulate and interpret messages more quickly, picking their way through the large number of choices involved with greater alacrity. Yet when he speaks of the point of origin itself, scholarliness yields to rhapsody: 'In primitive speech I hear the laughing cries of exaltation when lads and lasses vied with one another to attract the attention of the other sex, when everybody sang his merriest and danced his bravest to lure a pair of eyes to throw admiring glances in his direction'. Surely the author of the modern English grammar in seven parts is here on holiday from the work which gave him his respect for 'freely and regularly combinable short elements'.

Origin in the African Great Lakes?

Jesperson's theory is the only one to be completely rejected by Dr. Diamond. This is not surprising, for Dr. Diamond's thesis, dramatic, detailed, and presented with considerable forensic skill, arrives at a diametrically opposed conclusion. He places the origin of language in the area of the African Great Lakes, and finds it in the use of pure verbal roots denoting 'kill', 'smash', 'strike', 'cut', etc., used as imperatives to summon assistance. These roots were few in number and simple in structure: a plosive followed by the vowel and perhaps by another plosive. They survive substantially intact in Hebrew and Zulu (representing the Semitic and Bantu families) and are to be found in substantial numbers in other languages. The history of language from this point consists in the derivation of other parts of speech from verbs to

form first statements (*knives cut*) and then description-statements (*knives are sharp*). As civilization progresses, these sentence types predominate and the proportion of verbs diminishes.

Primacy of the Imperative

The idea of the primacy of the imperative is not new. It has a strong appeal in particular for those who see Hebrew as the original language. It was mentioned in 1540 by J. C. Scaliger in *De causis linguae latinae* and has been favoured in modern times by Wundt and by Revesz. In his careful *Origine et Préhistoire du Langage*, Revesz sees imperatives as the first differential utterances after simple calls, but refrains from suggesting any forms they may have taken, and will not ascribe them to any part of speech, since they are clearly undifferentiated. In 'Quick!', 'Help!', 'Murder!', 'Fire!', 'Police!' we cannot distinguish verbs, nouns and adjectives except by implication from the occurrence of these words in longer structures. There is no profit in arguing whether 'help!' is a verb (help me) or a noun (I want help). On the other hand, Dr. Diamond's highly specific solution is supported by a weight of examples which in the hands of a skilled advocate seem to amount to overwhelming proof. In fact, however, equally numerous examples can be, and have been, adduced in favour of a number of incompatible theories and for a simple reason.

In all languages the stock of basic significant sound units (phonemes) is small. If these are represented by letters of the Roman alphabet, their number is further reduced. Of these, certain types, plosives (*p, t, k, b, d, g*, etc) and nasals (*m, n, ng*) are particularly common. Upon this narrow basis is constructed a large number of morphemes—simple words, roots, and affixes. If this very large number is classified into a few major semantic domains, any one can be relied upon to provide countless examples of the occurrence of the phonemes in which one is interested. Furthermore, any chosen semantic domain can be substantially enlarged by the annexation of words which are 'clearly derived' from a 'basic, original' meaning which falls within it.

Any list of examples, however impressive, must be viewed askance unless it be backed by a proper statistical treatment. Even should the figures prove significant, the conclusions drawn from them have of course to be carefully studied. Here Dr. Diamond's enthusiasm is almost self-defeating. He shows the *m* of 'me' to be a component of the first person singular pronoun in many languages and he concludes that it has persisted 'from the time language first created it'. This, by his own reckoning, will have been many millennia after man first asked his fellows to smash, kill, and destroy. Are we to conclude that mankind still constituted a single community?

But this is a detail. The real objection to arguments from language structure and typology is more central. For one thing, linguistic forms jostle each other and are subject to selection pressures. If we find everywhere today that verbs of violence often contain plosives, this is more likely to be because a certain appropriateness has caused them to be retained and preferred whenever introduced than because of their presence in any original tongue. The same pressures will make common words short and keep rare ones long. 'Bus', 'tube', and 'plane' have replaced older forms. This is the chief objection to the imperative theory. Imperatives are short, sharp, and simple not because of their antiquity but because of their urgency.

Limited Historical Approach

The other lines of inquiry which have been followed in attempts to retrace the path of language from its origin are, unfortunately, open to equally serious theoretical objections. The historical approach, for instance, is limited. Spoken language leaves no trace. We are dependent upon written texts. But writing emerges only when advances in social organization have brought problems of communication involving time and distance with which spoken language cannot cope. Furthermore, the improvements in communication which make the emergence of such large-scale administration units possible necessarily involves the extinction, without trace, of innumerable local languages. Even now, there are more than two thousand separate unwritten languages, of which many, if not most, are dying out. In Brazil there are some 250, mutually

unintelligible and apparently unconnected. This has undoubtedly been the linguistic condition of man for almost the whole of his history.

May we not, however, examine the languages of these primitive peoples hoping to find a progression from the rudimentary tongues of food-gatherers to the developed languages of civilized peoples? Will not the former be close to the form language first took among men? The answer is: No.

The semi-human savage tribe, whose members communicate by gestures eking out by a few laconic grunts, is a persistent element in popular language lore, but has no basis in fact. When subjected to proper methods of analysis, the language of every community investigated has proved to possess a fully developed, regular structure. The types of structure encountered vary widely, but all share certain fundamental characteristics. All operate with a small repertory of basic sound units (phonemes), which are combined together in set ways to form morphemes, the basic meaningful units of language, roots and affixes. These in turn are combined to form an ascending hierarchy of units (such as 'word', 'phrase', 'clause', 'sentence') each having its own set pattern of subordinate units, each in turn longer, more complex, and with a larger inventory. Above the word level, the inventory is too extensive to list. Instead, statements of combinability are generalized in grammar. Above the sentence, permitted sequence is so free that no attempt is made to state the possibilities. Any substantial sequence of sentences will probably constitute a unique utterance.

All languages are like this; the faculty of language consists simply in the ability to acquire and operate such a system, and all human beings possess it.

Homo Sapiens is Homo Loquens

The approach to the origin of language via the language of primitive peoples depends upon man—*homo sapiens*—possessing the faculty of language and not using it. In fact all men do use it. The same amount of intelligence and ingenuity is brought to the task by the 'primitive' and the civilized alike, but applied by the former to a more circumscribed environment. And of course we must not forget that in an undifferentiated society the language of one is the language of all. As a result, the disembodied language of the community as a whole will be poorer than that of a more diverse community. Again, civilized societies are, as we know, subject to Parkinson's Law, and contain an ever greater proportion of workers whose sole tool is language. However, the resultant differences in human language do not admit of extrapolation. The core of the matter is that civilization has advanced by non-genetic evolution, whereas the faculty of language (not the use made of it) is genetically common to us all. *Homo sapiens* is *homo loquens*.

The speech of children, on the other hand, does show a progress from the rudimentary to the developed. Many scholars (Stein, Jakobson) have sought clues here and it seems likely that they are to be found. But new-born babies are utterly helpless, unable to communicate except by crying. This non-viable condition is a good basis for learning a pre-existent code, but cannot represent the adult stage of any species. And how should we distinguish phylogenetic elements among the purely ontogenetic? Perhaps the developing science of psycholinguistics will provide an answer. Our speech is undoubtedly the resultant of many different levels of brain activity. When these are understood, it may prove possible to arrange them in not only a functional but an evolutionary order.

But that we latter-day men should ever know the first sound differentiations our ancestors used, or their meanings, seems extremely improbable. *Homo loquens* has burnt too many of his bridges.—*Third Programme*

Mr. John Killham has edited *Critical Essays on the Poetry of Tennyson* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 28s.). The essays include Mr. T. S. Eliot's 'In Memoriam', Mr. G. M. Young's 'The Age of Tennyson', Mr. Graham Hough's 'Tears, Idle Tears', and fifteen other studies. Among these are an introduction to the book and a review of modern criticism by Mr. Killham himself and Mr. W. W. Robson's broadcast, 'The Dilemma of Tennyson', first published in THE LISTENER in June 1957.

The Sky at Night

Russian Progress in Space Research

By PATRICK MOORE

THE international aspect of astronomy has been happily underlined in recent weeks by the visit to Britain of Professor Alla Masevich, Vice-President of the Astronomical Council of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences. Professor Masevich, who is Professor of Astrophysics at the University of Moscow, has an international reputation for her work in connexion with the Sun, and also specializes in the study of stellar evolution.

Half a century ago, it was supposed that the source of stellar energy lay purely in gravitational contraction. According to Sir Norman Lockyer, a leading British astrophysicist of the period, a star began its independent existence by condensing out of interstellar material and becoming a very large, rarefied Red Giant—such as Betelgeux in Orion. As it shrank and became denser, its heat increased until it reached the peak of its career as a very brilliant white star such as Rigel; it then began to cool down, becoming successively a Yellow Dwarf (such as the Sun), a dim Red Dwarf, and finally a cold, dark globe. In 1913, H. N. Russell first suggested that the true source of energy must be provided by nuclear reactions—in this case the annihilation of matter, with consequent loss of mass and release of energy. Russell retained the Lockyer evolutionary sequence from Red Giant down to Red Dwarf, but as knowledge of atomic structure increased it became clear that the theory of the annihilation of matter was untenable. Little more than twenty years ago, H. Bethe replaced it by a more complex process according to which stellar hydrogen is converted into helium, energy being radiated in consequence. Bethe's theory, somewhat modified, has now been universally accepted. The Sun is losing mass at the rate of 4,000,000 tons per second; even so, it will continue radiating steadily for several thousands of millions of years to come.

The precise sequence of stellar evolution is still uncertain, but at least it has become clear that the 'Red Giant to Red Dwarf' track supported by Lockyer and Russell must be abandoned. According to recent studies by Ambartsumian and other Russian astrophysicists, stars are born as hot giants in 'stellar associations', and it is suggested that the Sun itself originated in a stellar association of this kind. Professor Masevich has given her views upon this question:

'We know what the Sun looks like nowadays, but has it always been the same? Some people believe so, but I personally prefer to think that our Sun has had a much more exciting history. Hot giant stars are unstable, and emit charged particles, losing mass very rapidly. The Sun may have been of this type, and perhaps 10,000 times more luminous than it is now. As it aged, it became more stable, and the rate of mass-loss decreased; it has not altered greatly during the last 4,000 million years, and will remain very much the same for about 10,000 million years in the future. Of course it still emits charged particles, and it is these particles which cause terrestrial phenomena such as magnetic storms and auroræ'.

It is to be hoped that research carried out during the next few years will cast more light upon the outstanding problems of stellar evolution. Meanwhile, spectacular de-



The side of the Moon visible to the Earth

velopments are taking place much nearer home. Though Professor Masevich is primarily an astrophysicist, she has been deeply concerned in the programme of space research, and has been responsible for the optical tracking of artificial satellites and space-probes launched from the Soviet Union. Seventy visual stations have been established on Russian territory, many of which are manned by students, and most valuable observations have been secured. Similar work has, of course, been carried on in Western countries.

Before the launching of Sputnik I, on October 4, 1957, our knowledge of the extent and density of the upper atmosphere was very fragmentary. When a satellite is moving through an atmosphere dense enough to set up appreciable friction, its orbit is affected, and precise measurements give a key to the density of the atmosphere responsible. From results obtained from their satellites and space-probes, the Russians now believe that the Earth's atmosphere is more extensive than had been previously believed, and may extend up to an altitude as great as 2,000 miles. It is naturally impossible to give a definite 'upper limit', since there is no sharp boundary; moreover, the density at great heights is extremely low, and corresponds to what we normally term a vacuum. More precise information may be expected before long.

Russian and American vehicles have also shown that radiation zones exist round the Earth, and these appear to be associated with the

Part of the larger-scale photograph, taken by Lunik III, of the side of the Moon hidden from the Earth

terrestrial magnetic field. It must be admitted that the magnetic field itself poses many problems; the most generally accepted view is that it originates from powerful electric currents formed in the molten core of the Earth, and in this case only worlds with such molten cores may be expected to have permanent magnetic fields. The Moon is of great interest here. It has a mass of only 1/81 that of the Earth, and may not have a comparable core. The first and second Soviet space probes carried instruments designed to ascertain whether any appreciable lunar magnetic field existed.

Lunik I, launched in January 1959, passed within 4,000 miles of the Moon, and then entered an orbit round the Sun, thus becoming a tiny 'artificial planet'. Radio contact with it was maintained until it was well past the Moon, and there seemed to be no evidence of any magnetic field.

On September 12, 1959, the Russians sent up their second space-probe, Lunik II. This vehicle actually landed on the Moon, probably in the region of the craters Archimedes, Aristillus, and Autolycus; contact with it was maintained until very shortly before impact—and again the international aspect of space research was emphasized, since radio astronomers at Jodrell Bank were co-operating fully with Soviet workers. To quote Professor Masevich again: 'With the instruments installed in Lunik II, we were very anxious to detect the magnetic field of the Moon, but again there was no result. This seems to confirm that there is no appreciable magnetic field there'. It seems, then, that future space-travellers will find that ordinary magnetic compasses will not function upon the Moon!

To launch a successful lunar probe involves great precision; indeed, the terminal velocity must be correct to within about one yard per second. One method of checking upon the actual orbit is by means of the production of an 'artificial comet'—a cloud of sodium vapour, visible across great distances. This method was adopted with Lunik II, and the 'comet' was successfully photographed. When at its brightest, the cloud attained approximately the fifth magnitude.

Photographing the Unknown

Lunik III, launched on October 4, 1959—exactly two years after Sputnik I—was an even more ambitious vehicle; it was designed to go round the Moon and photograph the regions which are always turned away from Earth, and which had therefore remained unknown. That this programme was successfully carried through is a great tribute to Soviet technology.

When the photographs were taken, the Lunik was roughly between the Moon and the Sun, and over 30,000 miles from the lunar surface. The camera was equipped with two lenses. One of these had a focal length of about eight inches, and the resultant picture fitted completely into the frame; the other, with a focal length of twenty inches, produced a larger-scale photograph of part of the Moon. By ordinary standards the definition is naturally poor, but at least the main features may be made out. Analysis of the photographs is still going on, but the Russian authorities have announced that before long they will be in a position to issue a preliminary atlas of the formerly unexplored part of the Moon. 'We find many details of familiar type on the reverse side of the Moon', Professor Masevich stated, 'craters, mountain ranges, and even seas. However, seas are very rare on the reverse side, and the only prominent one is the Moscow Sea'.

The Moscow Sea is indeed very conspicuous, and is shown on both the photographs so far released. It is well defined, but is comparatively small, and its diameter cannot exceed 190 miles. Bailly, the largest crater on the familiar side of the Moon, is almost 180 miles across, and it is not yet clear whether the new formation is to be classed as an exceptionally large crater or an exceptionally small sea. Its dark floor may, however, indicate that it is more in the nature of a *mare*.

On the photographs much of the reverse side of the Moon appears virtually blank, and it has been suggested that the new regions are genuinely smoother than the old. This view appears to be unjustified, as is shown by a simple experiment. If a normal full-moon photograph is viewed out of focus, the fourth (south-west) quadrant appears almost featureless; yet this is in fact an exceptionally rough region. However, it is deficient in dark *maria*, and a blurred picture does not reveal craters which do not have particularly dark floors. It must also be remembered that the

Lunik photographs were taken under the equivalent of 'full moon' illumination, so that over most of the surface there was little shadow. More detailed pictures will probably show that the reverse side of the Moon is just as crater-scarred as the side which we know so well. Investigations of the distribution of the walled formation will, it is hoped, provide information about the vexed question of the origin of the surface features.

Meteor Hazard to Space-Flight

It is significant that the radio signals from Lunik III ceased long before expected, and in fact all contact with the vehicle has now been lost. Presumably it is still in orbit; it may re-enter the Earth's atmosphere during the summer of 1960, in which case it will be destroyed, but in all probability its fate will never be known. Soviet authorities have suggested that it was damaged by collision with a meteor, and this view is supported by Professor Masevich. This is indeed a reminder that the meteor hazard to space-flight is very real. However, the Sputnik and Lunik experiments have indicated that the danger is not so great as had been feared, and it is believed that the chances of collision with a large meteoric particle during an Earth-to-Moon journey are remote. There is no serious suggestion that Lunik III has been destroyed; but even a minor collision would suffice to put the transmitters out of action—and, according to the Russians, this is apparently what has happened.

Manned space-travel still lies in the future, and the immediate prospects are naturally uncertain; for one thing, our knowledge of the radiation hazard is still incomplete. Neither has the famous 're-entry' problem been solved; it is much easier to launch a rocket than to bring it safely back through the Earth's atmosphere. One of the next steps will probably be to land a vehicle on the Moon sufficiently gently to avoid destroying the instrumentation, and it is believed that the Soviet workers hope to carry out this experiment before long.

Scientifically, it is probably more valuable to send up instruments rather than human crews; but unless some unexpected hazard is found, we must agree that actual space-flight must be accomplished in time. Even ten years ago the idea still seemed to belong to the realm of science fiction, but the situation now is very different, and the Russians appear to be extremely optimistic about the prospects. Professor Masevich, asked whether she thought that her six-year-old daughter would be able to go to the Moon, made the significant reply: 'I think so—and I hope that I shall be able to go too'.

That such a statement can be made by a world-famous scientist, who is actively engaged in the space programme, shows once more that progress during the last few years has been more rapid than anyone could have believed. We can at least be confident that events during the next decade will be both interesting and spectacular. The main hope must be that when the first lunar expedition sets out, it will be organized not by any one nation, but by scientists from all countries working together in harmony.

—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of February 17

The Forest of Dean

The forest is full of fires,
Fires where the forest is burning:
The trees are rooted on coal
And black a yard up the trunk,
The villagers fill their sack
From a hole in the hill;
The live twig breaks with a snap
And the green leaf, veined with black,
Twitches birds of coal
To scrawl in the skies.
I have clasped black-fingernailed hands
And looked into black-rimmed eyes,
And remember a moment's surprise
When a woman took from her wrap
A stone-white child
And bewildered me with its cries.

MICHAEL BALDWIN

Monk, Monarch, or Myth?

ROMILA THAPAR on the Emperor Asoka

THE cult of the Emperor Asoka has become an immensely popular one in modern India. Archaeological relics of his reign, such as the four seated lions and the wheel of law found on the sculptured capitals of his pillars, have been officially adopted as today's national emblems. Current political ideas are related to his thinking—the concept of *ahimsā* or non-violence, the Panch-sīla, the Five Principles of peaceful coexistence formulated by Mr. Nehru; are examples of this—and, in general, his reign of thirty-six years over an empire covering almost the whole of modern India and Pakistan and parts of Afghanistan is portrayed as one of the peak periods of Indian civilization.

This cult is all the more remarkable when one realizes that until just over a century ago little was known about Asoka. In India he was hardly more than a name preserved in a few dynastic lists. There are stray references to him and his work in medieval inscriptions, but by and large the popular mind failed to retain any recollection of him. His approach to statecraft and his political ideas were forgotten, possibly because they were too unconventional for Indian historical tradition to digest and preserve them.

Fortunately, in propagating his ideas, Asoka issued proclamations which were carved on prominent rock surfaces or specially erected pillars all over India, many of which are still to be seen today. It is to these that we owe the substance of our modern knowledge of him. However, the script in which most of them were inscribed was Brāhma, the earliest known Sanskritic script of India, and was for many centuries regarded as undecipherable. It was as late as 1837 that an Englishman, James Prinsep, first succeeded in deciphering the script and reading the mysterious inscriptions. These, he found, referred to a king who took the title *Devānampiya Piyaḍassi rājā*, the Beloved of the Gods, the king Piyaḍassi. As he was not in the habit of using his personal name in the inscriptions, the earliest identification of Piyaḍassi with Asoka was made in a roundabout way, through Buddhist monks in Ceylon who referred in these chronicles to the Indian king Asoka as Piyaḍassi.

But the tying up, as it were, of the inscriptions with the Buddhist sources from Ceylon had the unfortunate effect of influencing the interpretation of both Asoka's personality and his work. Because the king was a Buddhist, information of a legendary character has been preserved in Buddhist sources outside India. We are told, for instance, that he fought his way to the throne by killing his ninety-nine brothers. His wicked career reached its climax when he had an artificial Hell constructed, where pious Buddhists and others were burnt in boiling oil or put through other tortures, while Asoka watched the proceedings,

vastly amused. Then he underwent a sudden conversion to Buddhism. According to one source, he was converted by his seven-year-old nephew, who despite his youth had acquired a remarkable degree of spiritual merit.

This edifying picture of Asoka, while recognized as largely unhistorical, has influenced the historical approach to the study of his ideas and reign. It was assumed that Asoka was a pious Buddhist and, therefore, that his inscriptions or edicts were an expression of his faith in Buddhism and that they proclaimed Buddhism as the state religion. Vincent Smith, the first historian to write on Asoka, describes him as being 'both monk and monarch'. This phrase, though not accepted so literally by later historians, nevertheless influenced the study of Asoka and resulted in a presentation of the man which has rightly been termed that of a 'monster of piety'. In my own opinion, it is high time that he was studied by more objective standards.

The Mauryan period is among the significant periods of Indian civilization. The establishment of the Mauryan empire by Asoka's grandfather Candragupta was a new political feature to the Indian sub-continent, which previously had been made up of a number of small kingdoms, republics, and tribal units, all at varying degrees of political development.

One reason why such a political system was possible at this stage was the completion of an economic transition which had started a few centuries earlier. The predominant economy in northern India was originally a pastoral one, practised by nomadic Aryan tribes. By the time of the Maurya period they had settled down in villages and became peasant cultivators. The emergence of this agrarian economy brought with it, for the first time, a fixed source of national income, in the shape of regular agricultural crops; which in turn made possible the first essays in systematic taxation. That this was in fact the case is confirmed by a remarkable literary source of the period, the

Arthashastra. This political treatise, written for Candragupta, postulates that monarchy is the ideal political system, and proceeds to indicate in great detail the best administrative structure for it. The author advises that everything possible should be taxed, not only the land cultivated by the peasant, or the harvest of this land, or goods traded by the merchants, but even the earnings of prostitutes and keepers of gambling houses.

A further development was the extension of trade, both internal and foreign, as an important source of income. The campaign of Alexander of Macedon, in about 326 B.C., led to an increase in communications between centres of Hellenic culture and India. Goods and ideas began to travel back and forth with greater ease. This in turn gave the merchant a position of in-



Capital of one of Asoka's pillars, originally at Sarnath

creasing importance, both in the economy and in urban society.

In the four-fold division of Hindu society the merchants were generally included in the third, or *vaisya*, caste. The priests and the aristocracy, constituting the first two castes, had a rather contemptuous attitude towards them; but the material improvement of the third caste, largely through trade, strengthened their resentment against the unjustified privileges of the members of the first two castes. The establishment of guilds, both of traders and skilled workers, brought the *vaisyas* gradually to a position of greater importance, with which the more favoured elements of society had now to contend.

Unrest and Questioning

This conflict in Mauryan society is reflected in other spheres as well. It can be seen, for instance, in a general attitude of questioning, which is a characteristic of the period. Religious practices and beliefs were the main targets of this unrest. Existing values were questioned. Each sect or group criticized vehemently the ideas of the other. Speculation and discussion ranged from the extreme materialism of early Carvaka teaching to the subtle metaphysics of the Upanisads. The strongest of these groups were the Buddhists, who challenged the traditional order dominated by Brahmanism. The challenge was both a religious and philosophical one, as also, on the more immediate level, an attack on social privileges. Not surprisingly the Buddhists drew support from the wealthy merchants and guild leaders, and from the less favoured sections of society generally.

To maintain the imperial structure upon the basis of an agrarian economy required the development of a civil service and a properly organized administration, with a correspondingly strong centralized control. Enforced political uniformity must have been irksome to the smaller units which had known considerably greater independence previously. What was supposed to constitute a single unit, the Mauryan empire, was thus, in effect, an unwieldy mass pulling in various directions.

It is Asoka's particular claim to our interest that unlike his predecessors, who were content to take monarchy for granted, he was the first ruler who specifically recognized these problems and sought an answer to them. In the thirteenth year of his reign he enunciated what came to be called the policy of *dhamma*.

The word *dhamma* is virtually untranslatable into English, outside its particular Indian context. It has been variously rendered as morality, piety, righteousness, and so forth; it was a way of life which laid stress on social responsibility. It was the building up of an attitude of mind in which social behaviour, the behaviour of one person towards another, was considered of prime importance. As proclaimed by Asoka, it was an attempt to make people realize the diversity in the empire, and yet, at the same time, the need for a binding factor. He was seeking an ideal that would capture the loyalty of the people, no matter how advanced they were culturally or how primitive; an ideal that would rise above the obvious differences and act as a cementing force. To my mind, this motive is clear, if the edicts inscribed on the rocks are read with the background of the period kept in mind. The edicts do not represent the private anguish of a king who would rather have been an ascetic, as some writers have assumed. They are expositions of his new ideas.

Basic Tolerance

The practice of *dhamma* incorporated a number of principles. The foremost of these was tolerance, both of ideas and of people. Asoka states it as follows:

The Beloved of the Gods does not consider gifts or honour to be as important as the advancement of the essential doctrines of all sects . . . Its basis is the control of one's speech, so as not to extol one's own sect, or disparage that of another's on unsuitable occasions, or at least to do so only mildly . . . Therefore concord is to be commended, so that men may hear one another's principles.

Tolerance of people is summed up in his own words as:

Consideration towards slaves and servants, obedience to mother and father, generosity towards friends, acquaintances, and relatives, and towards priests and monks . . .

Non-violence is another principle associated with his ideas. He

urges repeatedly that living beings, human or animal, should not be killed. A campaign fought early in his reign led him to make his famous declaration abjuring violence:

On conquering Kalinga, the Beloved of the Gods felt remorse, for when an independent country is conquered the slaughter, death, and deportation of the people is extremely grievous to the Beloved of the Gods, and weighs heavily on his mind. What is even more deplorable is that those who dwell there . . . all suffer violence, murder, and separation from their loved ones. This participation of all men in suffering weighs heavily on the mind of the Beloved of the Gods.

He did not explain his dislike of violence because his religion preached against it, but because he felt that it was not in keeping with human dignity. But this was not a categorical statement. He admits that in certain situations, such as a threat to internal security, he would still be forced to violent action.

Another aspect of the essential humanism of the *dhamma* is to be found in the various social services which he advocated:

On the roads I have had banyan trees planted, which will give shade to beasts and man, I have had mango groves planted, and I have had wells dug and rest houses built at every nine miles. And I have had many watering places made everywhere for the use of beasts and man.

Asoka was so convinced that he had succeeded in finding a solution to the problems of his age that he sent missions to various neighbouring kings. Among those to the west he mentions the Hellenic kingdoms of the Seleucids, and the Ptolemies, and also Cyrene, Epirus, and Macedon. The missions consisted of the specially appointed 'officers of *dhamma*', whose function was to propagate the *dhamma*, and incidentally the achievements of Asoka at the same time.

Thirty Years of Peace

It is true that during his reign India enjoyed a period of almost thirty years of peace, an expansion in trade, efficient administration, and an improvement in the material life of the people. Yet, after all, his policy did not succeed in its immediate political effect, and with his death in 232 B.C. a steady disintegration took place resulting in the gradual fragmentation of the sub-continent into smaller units.

The Mauryan empire dates back to 2,300 years ago. To expect it to have survived intact for a great length of time would be impossible. The important thing is not that empires rise and fall, but the discovery of why this happens. Whether Asoka succeeded or failed in his policy is of interest largely to historians; but the reason why particular patterns emerged is of much wider interest.

The failure of Asoka's ideal lies partly in himself and partly elsewhere. His exposition of *dhamma* faltered in the latter part of his reign, when he began to glorify his own achievements and emphasized the fact of having found the answer, more than the answer itself. His successors were weak and, in any case, they do not appear to have appreciated his ideas of *dhamma*. They probably mistook it for the personal creed of an eccentric ruler, rather than an expression of national policy.

But there were other reasons, more fundamental to the structure of Indian politics and society, which contributed to the fall of the Mauryan empire, and other similar empires in later centuries. For instance, the administration was not organized as an enduring and effective body, which would function without political interference. The recruitment of the civil service was carried out in an arbitrary manner, and officers were selected from a narrow social group, whereas a competitive system might have ensured at least a minimum standard of personal qualifications. The system current in modern India, for example, based on the British-Indian Civil Service, has these advantages, though, if carried to extremes, it can become mechanical in its work and lose contact with the people it is administering.

By far the outstanding cause contributing to the decline of empires in India was one that has only recently been recognized. The political concept of the state as something above and beyond the symbols of government, which received so much emphasis in China, for instance, was never stressed in India: loyalty was directed not towards the state but towards the social order, which was regarded as supreme.

Ideas of nationalism came to India only when the loyalty shifted to the idea of India as a nation, and when the social order began to be questioned. But the idea of national unity is dependent on other factors as well. It requires a uniform level of economic and cultural development, which the Indian sub-continent during the Mauryan period did not possess. Even today it has a population speaking a dozen major languages, professing all the world's principal religions, and covering a range of social

and economic development from the primitive tribe to the sophisticated urban society. This poses problems for national homogeneity such as few other modern states have to contend with; and the future stability and permanence of the present republic of India will be the measure of its success in overcoming the same handicaps and limitations which have proved the downfall of so many previous attempts at Indian unity, from Asoka onwards.—*Third Programme*

Art—anti-Art

Alienation versus Self-expression

By ANTON EHRENZWEIG

WHEN artists speak of 'free self-expression', they usually mean to say that they try to work very directly from deep levels of their personality with much of spontaneity and without regard to existing styles or aesthetic values. The term 'self-expression' acquired this anti-traditional meaning long ago, perhaps during the romantic movement. The romantic artist pitted his individual personality against the conventions of society at large. With the coming of modern anti-art, such as Dada and Surrealism, the idea of free self-expression acquired the additional psychological meaning that it was the unconscious mind of the artist which had to be expressed freely. Freud has shown that the unconscious mind has remained primitive and anti-social however civilized our conscious mind may have become. Liberating the unconscious mind in fact meant liberating the artist from restrictive social conventions.

In this sense the conflict between art and anti-art reflects a more fundamental conflict between conscious and unconscious attitudes. So if I now talk about anti-art from a depth-psychological viewpoint, I mean not only those artists who could be classified officially as anti-artists, such as the Dadaists and Surrealists, but any artist who by his work ignored aesthetic standards that were considered essential at his time. In this sense one may call Jackson Pollock an anti-artist. He blew up his canvases to an aggressively large size and filled them with chaotic doodles so that they could not possibly be accepted by society as paintings in the ordinary sense. Yet only a decade has passed and the public has accepted these 'anti-paintings' as an undisturbing and highly decorative background for the display of elegant domestic furniture. Psychologically, this astonishing transformation represents the victory of conscious order over unconscious chaos.

The anti-art of today will become the fine art of tomorrow through a process which psychoanalysis calls secondary elaboration; I must apologize for using these rather technical terms. This secondary elaboration turns the spontaneous and disorderly out-

pourings of the unconscious mind into the orderly and easily comprehensible images which our conscious mind can understand. Hence comes the present decadence of action painting: action painting started as a spontaneous, almost destructive, activity, sweeping away clichés, but today has become a general orderly style taught at many art schools. When I was in New York some time ago I was deeply impressed by the enormous efforts of the older pioneers of action painting. There they were struggling to preserve their spontaneity while their idiom was constantly depreciated by their young admirers and followers. Eager visitors crowded into their studios to carry away ideas still germinating, to cheapen and commercialize them even before they were born.

You can imagine that I felt somewhat dismayed when talking recently to some of the younger action painters in New York to find that my own writings on the psychoanalysis of art were being used by them as evidence for their claim that action painting or abstract expressionism are the supreme manifestations of the unconscious mind and as such represent an unsurpassable climax in the history of Western art. It was painful to have to explain to them that any movement once it has turned into a deliberate style belongs more to the conscious than to the unconscious mind.

This secondary elaboration is inevitable. The Dadaists were quite correct—theoretically, at least—when they refused to formulate their ideas into a definite programme and to develop specific teachable techniques. Any such formalization will produce new conventions through secondary elaboration. A revolutionary move-

ment must constantly invent new ideas and techniques to retain its spontaneity. It must adopt ever new names and catch-words to refurbish the old manifestos. Names and labels do not matter as long as the anti-art spirit behind them remains the same. It could be argued that every new break-through in the recent history of art is still inspired by the old anti-art tendencies of the nineteen-twenties. We must not forget that Giacometti and Jackson Pollock first went through a surrealist phase long before



A space-filling exercise, aimed at countering 'the student's excessive wish for self-expression', used by Mr. Richard Hamilton in his teaching

By courtesy of Durham University

they developed their distinctive contributions to art history.

I understand that a similar argument could be made out for the history of jazz. There the anti-art spirit is represented by rag-time. Rag-time, of course, flourished about the same time as Dada. It distorted and 'ragged' traditional melodies and rhythms into something like an 'anti-music'. I was told by a respected Negro musician in the United States that ever since the 'ragging' of existing jazz styles has helped to counter the quick ossification which robs a new jazz style of its freshness almost overnight.

Of course, nothing in the history of modern art can quite match the exuberance of the original Dada and Surrealist revolution of the twenties; then we still believed in building a brave new world. Our own anti-art of the nineteen-fifties—and I will tell you what I mean by it—is only a pale reflection and impresses us by its studied aloofness and frigidity. There is, for instance, our own cool jazz, compared with the old hot jazz, or the impersonal French anti-novel, contrasting with the traditional introspective and psychological novel. It needs a depth-psychological approach to discover the same anti-art spirit in the overcharged self-expression of the twenties and the cool sobriety of our own anti-art.

It is not for the first time that psychoanalysis has to give an identical interpretation to phenomena which on the surface look totally different. To begin with, in the nineteen-twenties psychoanalysis played its part in supporting a belief that self-expression was only possible by letting go completely all inhibition and rational control. Progressive kindergartens allowed the children to run wild. As neurosis was considered to be the result of inhibition, it was hoped that these children would grow up into strong, independent personalities. But this hope was not realized. As the children grew up they often proved imaginative, but lacked stability and stamina. Today we know that young children need a measure of discipline to protect them against their own often severe anxieties which might otherwise stunt the growth of their personality. We now think we must try to dilute free self-expression by a modicum of control.

Art education has not caught up with this healthy reaction in general education. Enormous exhibitions of child art are still staged to impress us with the wonders of an uninhibited art; no one can account for the awkward fact that this early outburst of free self-expression does not often last out the strains of puberty. Again, a measure of control may help to toughen the child's early powers of imagination so that these may become of permanent benefit to the child.

Equally deceptive is the apparent freedom in the art of the mentally ill. The psychiatrist will hardly dare to encourage a psychotic artist to let go still further and so allow the unconscious to overwhelm altogether the patient's already weakened ego; on the contrary, he will try to support the ego and its restraining function. The psychoanalytical theory of sublimation backs up the trend towards control; it holds that the order of art is entirely due to the conscious and preconscious ego. The unconscious mind is considered only as a source of chaos and destruction.

There is little doubt that this total rejection of the unconscious mind as a positive factor in artistic creation went too far, however healthy the mistrust in uncontrolled self-expression was in the first place.

Anybody who has watched an inspired artist at work must feel that he works directly from very deep levels. During the last years psychoanalysts have at last taken due note of this fact. For

instance, Marion Milner, in her Freud-centenary lecture on 'Psychoanalysis and Art', said that the artist (far from having to suppress the unconscious mind) has to learn co-operating with it with the help of his medium. The emphasis is on the last words: with the help of his medium. This is an astonishing statement; no longer is there any question of liberating the unconscious mind by specific disruptive techniques, such as automatism, which the surrealists invented; all that is needed for the artist is to be receptive to his medium. I think Marion Milner means that once the artist's hand becomes too clever, too knowing, he loses contact with his medium, which no longer has the power to surprise him and to impose on him its own discipline. The artist needs something like an 'innocent' hand (not only the 'innocent eye' which the true artist is supposed to possess), a hand which is still awkward, tentative, and reaching out for the unknown. As long as the medium remains a source of sudden frustration and surprise, it will help the artist to cut through his conscious mannerisms and preconceived images which would otherwise stifle his spontaneity. In this sense, the external medium and inner imagination become allies in the same cause of defeating conscious cliché and preconception.

Today self-expression has become such a cliché; it is little more than a wish to exhibit one's individuality and to acquire a personal hand-writing at all costs. More likely than not, the straining for an artistic identity will end in affectation. Hence perceptive artists, like William Turnbull and Richard Hamilton, try in their teaching to counter the student's excessive wish for self-expression by giving him highly impersonal tasks with a definite anti-art flavour. Alan Davie, who teaches at the Central School of Arts and Crafts, even tries to make his students do things which seem the very opposite of self-expression. He would ask them to use for a series of drawings only three elements, say the three capital letters R, M, L, freely



A design produced by one of Tingueley's painting machines

drawn with a brush, and to arrange them in patterns that are, in their own opinion, quite bad and tasteless. He would urge them on by saying: 'It is not bad enough yet; try harder, make it worse'. Under these promptings the designs grew bolder, freer and, of course, better and more original.

By alienating the students from expressing their own taste and personality, he has helped them to give up cleverness and mannerisms and so achieve more surely the aim of expressing and developing their still immature artistic personalities. I would call this new approach a method of 'alienation' to bring out its difference from the old gospel of self-expression.

Such educational ideas are not isolated. A few years ago the new *Hochschule für Gestaltung* in Ulm changed its educational policies. The school had been started in the hope of continuing the glorious traditions of the Bauhaus. But the old magic of free self-expression that had made the Bauhaus so fertile no longer worked. So the present head, Professor Maldonado, is setting his students more impersonal—and, as I would say now, 'alienated'—tasks of exploring objective technical problems of design.

From the old viewpoint of Dada it is easy to understand why the gospel of free self-expression had to lose its creative strength. I said that it arose as the protest of the isolated individual against social conventions. Now it is another convention. The poor art student of today accepts the need for free self-expression almost as a moral obligation to which he must live up, and feels greatly relieved when we can persuade him that such a duty to freedom

(continued on page 368)

Jesus in Contemporary Islam

By CANON KENNETH CRAGG

GOD is the light of the heavens and the earth', says the Quran, in a fascinating passage. It goes on to associate the light of the Divine with a niche and a lamp fed by an oil which, it says, would almost glow of itself though no fire touched it—oil drawn from a blessed olive which neither the east nor the west alone possesses. It locates the oil lamp and its niche 'in houses' which, it explains, 'God has permitted to be raised in honour for the celebration in them of His Name'—houses in which 'He is glorified morning and evening' by men who are not distracted from prayer by merchandise or the traffic of this world. That seems to be a clear reference to houses of Christian prayer and monastic life such as the Prophet Muhammad may have come across on his Syrian journeys. If so, it may well be that the Quran alludes here to the lighted altar of a Christian Church or to the lamp of some monastic Eucharist.

Light in Dimness

Whether or not Muhammad did take this analogy of light as a similitude for God from Christian worship, it is fair enough, I think, for our present purposes to push the parable a little further. Islam, as the Christian sees it, has acted as a sort of veil over the light of Christian conviction about God and Christ, as a kind of filter, if you like, through which only certain hues have been allowed to pass, while the most incandescent qualities have been, as it were, filtered out. Christ is there in Islam and the Quran, revered as a leading prophet penultimate to Muhammad and dignified by certain titles such as 'a spirit from God' and 'His Word', not given to any other agent in Divine communication of sacred Scriptures. It is also true that Islamic traditions have a pivotal, eschatological role for Isa ibn Maryam (as Jesus is always known among Muslims). Even the ordinary illiterate Muslim knows of him as 'one who had not where to lay his head', Imam al Sa'ihi—the prince of the wanderers, whose prophetic badge was poverty. And Muslim belief in the rapture or exaltation of Jesus, by which the danger of his impending crucifixion was circumvented, heightens his prophetic stature since he has never known death or burial. So there is no lack of reverence for Jesus in Islam, orthodox, traditional, or popular. The light is there—yet it is there in dimness, as seen through Christian eyes.

Or one might indicate the disparity in another way, by saying that in the Quran there is complete silence about the character of Christ's ministry. The Quran in no way mediates the quality of his personality, and on the ultimate implications of the Christian recognition of Christ Islam imposes adamant vetoes. Muslims as Alice in Wonderland might have said, are 'people of the antipathies'. There is a sustained antipathy to all faith in a redemptive action of God in Christ. The Divinity of Christ and the meaning of his Cross are firmly disqualified in Islam: the light in the lamp of worship is thus shrouded and diminished.

A Double Problem

The Muslim for his part insists that it is in fact just these centralities of Christian belief which veil and dim the light; for they are accretions to a simple prophetism, of which Islam has very properly disengaged the real Jesus. I do not propose to go into the familiar elements of this controversy, which has effectively embittered and frustrated the long history of Christian-Muslim relationship. I want rather to discuss some contemporary and more promising evidence that at long last the impasse of sheer contradiction is perhaps beginning to be broken. From the Christian side, the problem has always been a double one: how to get rid of negative misconceptions on one hand; and, on the other, how to draw out the implications of Islam's own dogmas. For these are much more involved in what Christian faith and Christology mean than the generality of Muslims see or know.

If you lay down the principle that what we worship must be Divine—and that principle certainly underlies the whole Muslim disqualification of Christian accounts of Jesus—you must be ready for the principle that what is Divine we must worship—which underlies the whole New Testament ripening of Christian faith.

It may be too much to hope that an open and really constructive theological encounter is just round the corner. But it is at least coming to be feasible, and for several reasons. As 'imperialism' recedes, the Church has a new chance to encounter Islam on equal terms without the incubus of being identified with the political dominance of the West. The common problems of humanity in the present age do not stop at any religious frontiers. Although the new Islamic nationalism brings a sense of self-sufficiency, and positively discourages attention to whatever is non-Islamic, science, and many other influences, social, political and intellectual, do create new common denominators. When one remembers, too, the age-long Muslim veneration for Jesus, it is not surprising that contemporary Arab-Muslim writing includes several significant contributions on Christian themes. Other factors, such as the proliferating literature on the Dead Sea Scrolls, have also played a part, since Islam is very much involved doctrinally in discussions of Christian origins.

Fresh Interest in the Person of Christ

During the past decade at least four Muslim authors in Cairo have called attention to Christian themes and stimulated fresh interest in the person of Christ. I shall speak only briefly about three of them. If I describe simply how they handle their material biographically, you will be able to judge how closely they stick to Islamic tradition.

Abbas Mahmud al-Aqqad, a prolific writer of popular biographies, is well known through the Arabic speaking world. Now in his seventies, he links the days of Zaghlul Pasha, whose friend he was, with those of Abd al Nasir. He has done a great deal to popularize knowledge of outstanding European and Asian figures, for both generations; and has written on Gandhi, Kant, Nietzsche, and Darwin, as well as the Arab poets Al Ma'ari and al-Mutanabbi. The most notable of his Islamic writings have to do with 'the genius of Muhammad' and of the early Caliphs. The same title phrase '*Abqariyyah al Masih*'—the Genius of Christ—recurs in his popular account of Jesus, published in 1953 and followed more recently by a sketch of the life of our Lord published in the monthly *Kitab al-Hilal* series—and selling, by the way, for as little as ten piastres.

He is also the author of a book of general comparative theology with the title *Allah*. The first of these three books, *The Genius of Christ*, lately reissued, can be taken as fairly representative of his work. In it, he provides, at popular level, some account of Messianic expectations in Israel; and he reviews the political and sectarian situation which formed the context of Jesus's ministry. Much is made of the cosmopolitan character of 'Galilee of the nations' where the ministry began. The preaching of Jesus he sums up under the concept of the *Qiblah* or direction (of prayer). The whole orientation of Christ's words, he says, was to the Kingdom of God among men. He comments, too, on the role of the disciples and on the style and impact of the spoken word. When he reaches the garden of Gethsemane, however, he declares that there the historical ends and the credal takes over. The Divine intervention abstracts Jesus from the clutches of his foes and whatever follows is a theme for dogma, not for historical study. We are left with a portrait that is reverently drawn but stripped of its most revealing features.

A similar balance of emphasis is found in Abd al-Hamid Jawdat al Sahhar's *Al-Masih Isa Ibn Maryam*, that is *Jesus the Christ*, which was first published some years ago, but lately reissued by Muslim publishers in Cairo with, surprisingly, a front cover



The next move...?

The undergraduate has burned
midnight oil: he has engaged in
vacation exercise: he has taken his degree.
And then? Few engineers feel that
a first degree is enough. What should
the next move be? An immediate job?
Or a graduate apprenticeship?

The second brings professional
competence, and a status accepted by
the Institution of Mechanical Engineers.

With Shell this qualification may be
secured at the oil refineries and chemical
works in the United Kingdom on a
graduate's salary...and with a career at the end.



...this is the world of SHELL

displaying the thorn-crowned head of Christ familiar in Christian art. I find especially interesting here the early chapters devoted to the Virgin Mary and the hallowed circumstances attending her upbringing, and also the author's suggestion about Judas. There is an enigmatic phrase with which the Quran rules out Jesus's suffering. It is popularly understood to mean that by a mistake in identity, Divinely ordered, a substitute sufferer was crucified, after the rapture of Jesus to heaven. Many people have conjectured that the substitute, defiant and protesting, was Judas. Jawdat al Sahhar takes the unknown victim to have been a willing Judas, who volunteered himself into the substitution as an act of deep contrition.

My third author, Khalid Muhammad Khalid, a Cairo teacher of a younger generation, startled orthodoxy in 1950 with his *Min Huna Nabda, Here we Start*, castigating mosque leadership for obscurantism, and campaigning for women's rights and social reform. In 1958 he published his *Muhammad and Christ on the Road Together*, in which he invoked the teaching of the Prophet and the Sermon on the Mount in an eloquent plea for world peace and social justice. None of his work is closely argued or academically conceived, for his books are rather a passionate advocacy of radical views, pleaded with a boldness rare in Arabic writing. Others, like Taha Husain and Tawfiq al Hakim, have given to social ideology a more literary expression in novels and essays. But Khalid's work has much more ruggedness and impatience. His concluding chapter in *Muhammad and Christ* centres on the choice of Barabbas in preference to Jesus, taken from the Gospel narratives. It is a choice which, he affirms, mankind is still making in a mad misguidedness of self-will.

'A Friday in Jerusalem'

This preoccupation with the verdict of men on Christ—which in Khalid hints at both a reconsideration and a reappraisal of his prophetic role—is much more explicit in the work of my fourth author, Muhammad Kamil Husain, a fact which gives his writing a peculiar fascination for the Christian reader. Doctor Husain is a distinguished surgeon and educator, formerly head of the Ain Al Shams University in Cairo. His chief work is *Qaryah Zalimah*, 1954, recently translated and published in English with the title *City of Wrong, A Friday in Jerusalem*. *City of Wrong* is a most sensitive and perceptive essay on some of the implications of Good Friday. It comes out of the heart of Islam; and, focusing as it does a reverent concern on the central Christian event, it makes a most encouraging break with traditional negativism and the barrenness of the old polemic.

The book—which has some formal affinity with the novel, since it is cast in a basically narrative mould—sets out to reconstruct, through soliloquy and dialogue, the motives of the actors in the 'affair of the Cross'. It concentrates attention on the human will to crucify Jesus. What Christians have often failed to see is that such a 'will-to-crucify' is just as factual and real in the Quran as in the New Testament. However we interpret the Quranic thesis of rescue, there must have been a situation, fashioned by enmity, out of which Jesus needed to be rescued. So he must have been the sort of teacher or Messiah who by his decisions and 'policy' brought himself into a situation of that kind. Evidently, he did not evade a dangerous climax either by trimming his teaching, or placating his enemies, or ensuring his own survival by resort to the sort of force any zealot Messiah would have invoked. So the Quran restores to us—I should say, it leaves us with—the full sense of the Cross, as men's act of will and Christ's act of readiness to suffer. All that is missing (and how much it is!) is a Divine involvement in the Cross, whereby God is understood to be in Christ, not deceiving the crucifiers but redeeming them, not averting death but accepting it.

Of course the story, implicit in the Quran's very denials, of a gathering crisis into which Jesus went open-eyed in the utmost self-giving, is nowhere spelled out in detail in the Quran. But this is one of those situations where even the implications are tremendous. Kamil Husain has set about exploring them in a profoundly moving way. He sees in Good Friday 'the darkest day in human history', a day when men crucified their very conscience. He finds in those tragic deeds not only something that Jews and Romans did, but something which epitomizes the sin of the world. His meaning is to say in effect: 'Behold . . . the

sin of the world' without the Christian note about 'the Lamb of God' who bears it. That dogma he regards as outside his interest—or his duty at any rate—as a historical psychologist. He limits his examination to the motives for crucifixion.

Evil in the Interests of the Collective

The book presents a prosecutor in the Sanhedrin, the misgivings of a mufti, the dilemma of a Caiaphas, the bewildered uneasiness of a Pilate, all of them involved in a travesty of justice for which, in varying terms, they plead the interests of a community. Caiaphas finds Jesus's teaching in the abstract admirable, but destructive of the Jewish *modus vivendi* with Rome. Pilate likewise, disturbed by more than his wife's dream, comes to an end of all moral criteria when confronted with a meticulously legal people who require of him a supreme betrayal of law. In each case the appeal of the evil is to the interests of the collective. Men will do in the name of community and in defiance of conscience what they would hardly tolerate as private persons.

One special feature of this analysis of the antecedents to the Cross is a powerful, if oblique, criticism of Islamic attitudes. A third of the book is devoted to the disciples who debate, throughout an illuminating chapter, the pros and cons of rescuing Jesus. In doing so they reproduce the arguments of the Quran, which are that war is a lesser evil than *Fitnah* or violence against the faith, and that though force may be compromising, its use is preferable to allowing truth to be worsted by evil. Their conclusion is that Jesus must be rescued even against his own principles, since otherwise those principles themselves will be extinguished. Better their temporary abeyance than their permanent defeat. The author however is clearly at one with our Lord's repudiation of these attitudes, which in the story the disciples ask him to approve. It is a most remarkable thing to find the very principles of Islamic origins assessed and disqualified, under the form of a debate among Jesus's disciples, in the shadow of their Master's impending crucifixion.

There is through it all perhaps a somewhat over-confident reliance on conscience; for Husain appears to believe that only in due subordination to the conscience of the individual can society be preserved from tragic misdirection. That, however, to the Christian mind, is all part of his holding-off—not, I think, more or less than that—from that third dimension of the Cross as the act of God for the redemptive remaking of human nature.

Here the ultimate issue confronts us—one which at this stage in our emergence from long mutual spiritual insulation, Muslims and Christians are not ready to face. Yet there are in all these works unmistakable signs that at least a minority of Muslim authors are aware of light where the oil kindles by the Holy table of Christian confession of the Crucified. One would like to know more of how their readers react. But whatever may happen next, the light they have been reflecting and diffusing in these Christian studies of theirs is one which the Quran allows. Meanwhile we who are Christians have enough to do, if we are to release that radiance from obscurings of our own.

—Third Programme

Bird in Hand

For every bird caught
A flock flew away:
I caged this bird,
To make it stay.

It died of sorrow,
Without the rest,
So I stuffed it, and built it
A feathered nest.

Now in my hand
My bird sits all day;
But I weep for the birds,
Frightened, that flew away.

RUTH SILCOCK

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

February 17-23

Wednesday, February 17

The Secretary of State for Air tells the Commons that a radar station, to give early warning of ballistic-missile attacks, is to be set up in a national park in Yorkshire

The Navy Estimates are published

Many roads are blocked by snow in Scotland

Thursday, February 18

The Royal Commission on Doctors' and Dentists' Remuneration recommends in its report that increases in salary should be granted to family doctors but not to dentists except those in hospitals

The Air Estimates are published

The Home Secretary tells the Commons that the Government is examining the whole question of the organization and finance of the railways and will in due course make a statement about their future

Friday, February 19

H.M. the Queen gives birth to a son. Messages of congratulation are received from all parts of the world

It is announced that the Duke of Edinburgh is to visit Canada and New York next June

Saturday, February 20

It is announced from Buckingham Palace that the prince weighed 7 pounds 3 ounces at birth, and that no further bulletins on the Queen and her son will be issued

Sir Leonard Woolley, the archaeologist, dies aged seventy-nine

Sir Herbert Grierson, an authority on seventeenth-century English literature, dies aged ninety-four

Sunday, February 21

The London Conference on Kenya ends. Tributes to the late Countess Mountbatten of Burma are broadcast by the Indian High Commissioner in London and others

Monday, February 22

Minister of Aviation tells the Commons about the Government's plans for developing a supersonic airliner

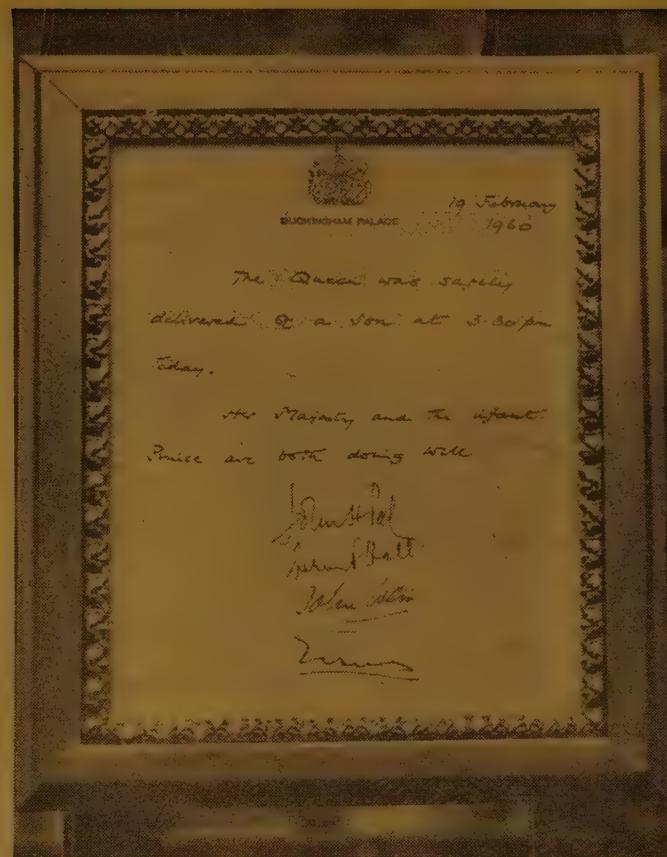
The Governor of Kenya says he is prepared to remove some restrictions on certain African political parties

The British Trawlers' Federation says it will suspend fishing off Iceland during the conference on the law of the sea at Geneva next month

Tuesday, February 23

Commons debate local employment

Death of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, the last surviving grandson of Queen Victoria



The official announcement, signed by four doctors, which was posted on the railings of Buckingham Palace to inform the waiting crowds of the birth of a son to Her Majesty the Queen on February 19



Countess Mountbatten of Burma, C.I., G.B.E., D.C.V.O., wife of Admiral of the Fleet Earl Mountbatten, who died in North Borneo on February 20, aged fifty-eight. Lady Mountbatten took an active interest in welfare work. During the war she was concerned with nursing and civil defence. She became vice-president of the Royal College of Nursing and chairman of the Red Cross. Her welfare work extended to the Girl Guides, the Save the Children Fund, and the Dumb Friends League. When her husband was the last Viceroy, Lady Mountbatten made many friends in India. As Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, she was touring the far east when she died



Fylingdales Moor, part of a National Park between Whitby and Scarborough, where a radar station of the ballistic-missile early warning system is located. The station will have an aerial screen of wire mesh 400 feet long.

Two other stations of this kind are in Alaska and Greenland.



The firing of a forty-one gun salute in honour of the new prince by the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, in Green Park the day after his birth. Similar salutes were held at the Tower of London, at Woolwich, and at



The R.A.F.'s salute to the royal baby: six squadrons of Hunter jet fighters photographed over the Houses of Parliament during their fly-past on Saturday in honour of the event



Mr. Ian Macleod, the Colonial Secretary, talking with Mr. Tom Mboya, a leader of the African Elected Members Group, at the conclusion of the London Conference on Kenya at Lancaster House last Sunday



Mr. Khrushchev, who is touring Asia, visited Burma last week. He is seen here being presented with a bouquet by a Burmese girl when he saw a hotel being constructed in Rangoon as part of the Soviet aid programme



Professor Masevich, Vice-President of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, with Professor Lovell of the Jodrell Bank experimental station in Cheshire; the radio telescope is in the background. Professor Masevich appeared last week in the B.B.C. programme 'Sky at Night' (see page 341)

Short Story

Ding Dong Bell

By KWABENA ANNAN

NOT having much development in our village, we all agreed when the Government Agent told us that we should do something about it. I remember the occasion very well. It was towards the end of March when the cocoa was all in, packed and sent to the coast, and Kwesi Manu had started his house again. Every year he would buy the cement, engage a couple of Northern Territories' labourers, lay out the blocks, and then run out of money. The walls had been built two years back; last year, he had managed to get the roof on, only to have it flung off again by the great Easter storm which did so much damage. The iron sheets were flung like a handful of pebbles across the street, knocking down Ama Serwah's stall. The old lady put Kwesi before the Native Authority Court for failing to pay for the loss, and this caused a first-class row which lasted us all through the rains.

The village certainly needed to be improved. The roads were laterite tracks from which the dust rose like thunder clouds whenever a lorry went through the place. Goats, chicken, and sheep wandered about its alleys and slept in the doorways. We were always complaining of the difficulty of getting supplies from the nearby town, and to hear the women grumble you would think that it was unusual to walk a mile or so to fetch water from the pool. Still, we accepted the life; it had been lived a long time, as we all knew, and if there had been nothing to complain of we might have quarrelled much more often among ourselves than we do now.

* * *

We hadn't any local council, either. The chief was well liked, and we saw no reason to change. There had been talk of joining us up with the next village to form a 'local authority area'. The Government Agent was always on about it. But our neighbours were a grasping lot, always farming our land and trying to claim that it belonged to them, and we preferred our separate existence. I suppose it was this that made the Government down in Accra take up the idea of development. If we wouldn't join in a local council, it was because we were too set in our ways, and 'development' would get us out of them. We understood all that. But when the Government Agent asked us whether we agreed to anything, we always said 'yes'. It was easier in the long run to agree and never did any harm. And as a matter of fact, on this occasion, we forgot all about the idea until one Wednesday morning when the chief beat 'gong gong' to call us together. When we reached the palace there was our Chief, *Nana*, and an educated clerk sitting in the compound. I call him 'educated' because he was obviously a town man, in neat city clothes, with a black book under his arm and pencils sticking in his hair. It turned out that he was a new clerk in the Government Agent's office and had been sent to talk to us.

We listened to what he had to say, although

we had heard most of it before: how we should think again about forming a local council, how we should pay the levy on time, why didn't we help the local teacher and send our children to the mission school, did we not know that the Government had forbidden the making of *akpeteshie* because it was dangerous to drink, why had we not cleared the bush right down to the river. It was much like the regular routine visit, which kept the Government satisfied and left us alone, with the local Native Authority policeman standing there ready to walk round the village looking for *akpeteshie*, and having a quiet drink of it with the clerk behind the court house—until the clerk suddenly told us that the Government Agent had been so pleased when we had asked for his help that he was sending a Development Officer the following week to make a start.

* * *

We didn't quite know what to make of this, and it soon slipped our memory—the next day being Thursday when we don't farm, and a good week's supply of liquor is ready for use. I had business to do in Kumasi the following week-end—I usually stock up with a few cases of corned beef and sardines for the store—and did not get back until late on Wednesday morning. The first thing I saw in the village was a large black car outside the Chief's house, with a Land Rover behind it stacked with pick-axes. The whole village had turned out to see what it was all about, and as I came up a tall, thin European in blue shorts and shirt was standing in front of the crowd, lecturing them. He couldn't speak our language, *twi*, of course, but you could have told just by the way he waved his arms that he meant business. The chief looked as pleased as he could, but I could see that he was worried, and the elders sat in stony disapproval.

* * *

'Great changes are taking place in the country'. The European was talking through a rat-faced interpreter. 'Last week I was in Accra and everywhere I could see great buildings going up, good roads, good water, good schools. And what can be done in Accra can be done too in the villages'.

Well, I could have told him straight away that he was making a mistake. The one thing we detest hearing about is Accra and what the town crooks are doing with our money. Then, before any one could stop him, he was off about our neighbours: how co-operative they were, how ready they had been for his help, how they said they were going to extend the lorry park and the market. ('So that they can put their prices up,' but this voice was hushed down.)

Then he got on to us. He was worried about the water and the roads. Of course we agreed. If you ask anybody in our town whether this or that is good, you will always be told that everything is as bad as it can be. We don't boast and we like to grumble. So by the time the European had asked us about the latrines

and the roads and the rains, and whether the harvest was good, and how we liked the new mission school, he must have thought we were ready for all the development there was in the country.

* * *

The only time he got stuck was when he suggested that we lined the streets with deep concrete gutters, and Tetteh Quarshie stood up and said: 'No, that wouldn't do, he must have somewhere for his ducks to get food and drink'. The European didn't quite know whether to take this seriously or not—and Tetteh stood there, bent with age and drink, clutching his cloth to his bony ribs and muttering like someone from the Kumasi asylum—so he left it and came to the point (which all of us could see he had fixed on long before he set foot in the town).

There was nothing wrong with the idea in theory. We were to dig out two or three wells by the forest path leading to the main road with the help of some 'well-diggers', and a mason who knew how to ease the sides with special concrete rings. We might have to dig twenty or thirty feet down, but there were plenty of rings and, when we were finished, the water in each well would stay sweet throughout the year. It took a long time to explain, but most of us soon grasped the idea. Only, we don't care to do things in a hurry. So the chief spoke for us all when, after politely thanking the officer for his trouble, he told him that we would discuss it and let the Government Agent know our decision. Up came little Francis Kofi with a basin of eggs which Opanin Kuntor handed to the clerk with a second round of thanks. And before the European knew what was happening, the meeting had broken up and he was being led to his car. Off it went in a cloud of dust, followed by the Land Rover, and we settled down again.

After this, of course, the letters began to arrive—'Your good friend this', 'Your good friend that'; 'His Honour was anxious to hear what we had decided'; 'Could we agree to Monday week for the diggers to make a start?'; and so forth. We sat quiet and said nothing. There is no post office in our town, and the effort of getting stamps and paper is usually enough to deter the Chief from correspondence.

* * *

Monday came and went, so did Tuesday and Wednesday; and on Thursday we collected as usual at Kofi's bar. By three in the afternoon, we had started on the *akpeteshie*, and at half-past four no one noticed the arrival of the Government Agent and his car until he sent his clerk stumbling and sweating down the road to ask for *Nana* and the elders.

'He is not well', said Kofi Tandoh.

'He has travelled'.

'He is mourning for his sister'.

'He has the measles'. This came from a young idiot of a schoolboy who had edged his way into the group.

The clerk stood first on one leg, then on the other, and scratched his head. He knew as well as we did that after half a bottle of *akpeteshie* the Chief might as well have travelled for all the help he could give. I believe the clerk said as much to the Government Agent, a fattish European with a red face and pale eyes, who immediately flew into a rage, cursed the Chief and the village, and then ordered the constable with him to go and seize the still and what was left of the liquor. But he was unlucky. We usually have two or three kerosene tins cooling off in Opanin Kuntor's yard, but this time, with the cocoa season over and a good number of funerals under way, we were down to a few bottles only. By the time he had collected these, and we sat there without raising a finger in apology or protest, *Nana* himself appeared. He was far from normal and came roaring out of the palace apparently thinking that he was celebrating the yearly *adae* festival. 'Abrofo nyinaa akwaso, afei oman yi nyinaa nkwaso, me Kweku Dua ni me d'Kuro yi nkwaso; mma ne kote nwu mma m'ani nfura, mma m'ase nsi, mma me nya Aban amane'—'Long life to the white man and the people, myself Kweku Dua and the town; don't let my penis fail me, nor my eyes and ears close, don't let me quarrel with the Government'.

The Government Agent gave him one look and drove off without a word. We all went back to sleep. But the next morning we were worried. We had a hurried meeting at the palace, brought in the schoolmaster to advise, and agreed that something must be done to turn away the wrath to come.

The only way seemed to be 'development'. So we sent Francis Kofi on a bicycle with a letter drawn up by the teacher, with *Nana* and the elders making their mark.

It seemed to meet the case, for two days later the Land Rover came back, with the European. The site was cleared and we took it in turns to dig. It was easy work and unmarred by any mishap, except on the second night the European was with us when old Nyantechi went out before the moon rose to obey the call of nature, stumbled over one of the concrete rings, and pitched into three feet of well. This brought out the European, twice as brave as Lurgard, from the schoolroom where he had settled himself. He found Nyantechi on the ground nursing his ankle, crept back to the school, and was shot at by the local escort constable who hadn't seen him go out and who fancied himself as something of a hunter.

Still, by the end of the week, the three wells were finished, with a concrete parapet and a rough awning of palm branches to keep out the dirt. There was a shallow depth of water in each, and as a parting gesture we all queued up, with the European and his clerk, to try it. It tasted terrible. But then, it was rare in our village for anyone to drink water except the children, and they complained that the water from the wells had no taste. The women liked

it all right, although I suspect that, being women, what they liked most was the opportunity it gave them of arguing who should have the first use of the buckets.

* * *

One might have thought that that was the end of it, with no great harm done and everyone turning back again to a normal life. But the village was uneasy. We didn't like it and wondered what might come next. Then Opanin Kuntor fell sick, and swore beyond reason that it was the well water which had brought him down. He told his maid-servant to fetch his water from the pool again, recovered quickly and went round the village triumphant, warning everyone of what they might expect.

Gradually, however, matters righted them-

which straddled the road, or to the shade of the compounds. Goats and sheep browsed in the bush, and a stray hen scratched lazily in the scrubby ditch by the school where you could see the children sprawled across their desks or asleep on the verandah.

Suddenly, there was the sound of a double shot; then, to our astonishment, two more. There was immediate confusion. The Chief was still asleep; so were most of the elders. They were shaken into some kind of order while Opanin Kuntor hurried off to hide what was left of the *akpeteshie*. The rest of us collected round the Chief's compound and held ourselves in reserve. There was the sound of a car, then another; the Government Agent pulled up outside the palace, and the driver signalled to a large touring car which followed to do the same. The Union Jack fluttered from the bonnet of the second car, and the driver—a uniformed constable—carefully chaperoned from the back seat an elderly European. Someone recognized him as the Regional Officer whom most of us knew to be next in power and glory to the Governor, if not to God Himself.

After the customary greetings had been made, with the Government Agent trotting up and down in attendance on the big man, we were told that the Regional Officer was interested in our town, that he had heard of our efforts to 'improve the amenities of the district through self-help', and had been good enough to interrupt a tour of inspection to visit us. This was said by the Government Agent in such solemn, satisfied tones that it was clear that, by digging the wells, we had helped more than ourselves.

Nana and the elders received this with perhaps less enthusiasm than they should have shown; they were alarmed at the second visit of the Government Agent, distrusted his intentions, and were concerned—as we all were—by the possible fate of the still and the rest of the drink. So it was with relief that we heard the Regional Officer saying that he would like to see the wells, and we led the way down the narrow path. Of course, when we got there, the Government Agent, with great satisfaction, thought he would like a drink. One of the women lowered the bucket into the nearest well and hauled it up on the rope. The Government Agent dipped a calabash into the half-bucket of water and handed it with delight to the Regional Officer who took a good mouthful, swallowed, then tried to spit it out, choking and spluttering with an agonized grimace. The Government Agent stared in amazement, and we looked uneasily at each other.

'Try it', said the Regional Officer, and spat into the bush; 'Try it yourself', and he wiped his mouth with a folded handkerchief, still coughing and spitting, his eyes watering.

The Government Agent took a cautious sip, and a look of absolute disbelief came over his face. He turned, spat and shouted: 'Salifu,



selves. And we had something to take our minds off the Government in the 'out-dooring' ceremony of Kwame Tweneboa's child. This was a high occasion. Kwame was well over fifty, and although he had taken a second wife, neither had brought forth until now—and the woman herself was nearing forty. It called for a special celebration. We set to work, and Opanin Kuntor had the still going night and day in his yard. We had learned a lesson, too, from the previous occasion and decided to post sentries at the far edge of the village who would give the alarm should danger threaten: one shot for the local police, two for the Government Agent.

We slept well the night before the 'out-dooring'. There wasn't a great deal to do on the farm so we ate and drank the day away, drank and gossiped into the night until the moon went down, when we went to bed and slept late. The next day, nearly the whole village went to pay their respects to the mother. The child, a boy, was named Osei Bonso after a famous ancestor of Kwame Tweneboa, and there was a good deal of friendly drinking, with the result that by mid-afternoon most of us were asleep again. The forenoon had been cloudy, with a leaden sky; but by midday a hot sun blazed from the pale-blue shield of the sky, driving us into the shelter of the neem trees

come here. Taste this'. The constable driver came forward and took a long draught. 'Fine'.

'What is it?'

'Gin, sir. Native gin'.

'How the devil did it get in there?' said the Regional Officer.

We all tried it then, including *Nana* who stood beside the two Europeans. None of us said anything, however, for the few who guessed what had happened didn't care to tell. Eventually *Nana* spoke; and it says much for his presence of mind that he kept a serene countenance and a solemn note to his voice.

'*Owura*', he said, addressing the Regional Officer, 'what has been done was necessary and right. The spirits are angry that we have left

our forefathers' ways and the pool from which my father and his father's father drew their water. For this reason we have purified the well and placated the spirits with a little gin'.

'A little!' exclaimed the Regional Officer. 'What would it have tasted like if you had put in a lot?'

'Akpetshie?' asked the Government Agent sharply.

'No, no', said the Chief, with a dignified air. 'That is not allowed, although it would have been better and cheaper'.

The Government Agent looked at the Regional Officer who said nothing. Then they turned and walked back to the village. I could see that the Regional Officer was amused; and slowly

his good humour spread. By the time we reached the village there was a pleasant, unspoken accord between the two sides. Beer was fetched, and a bottle of whisky; the healths of the Regional Officer, the Government Agent, the Chief and Elders, the village, and Kwame Tweneboa were drunk. Finally, the two cars moved off, and we went back to the palace.

'How much did you put in there?' asked the Chief.

'*Nana*, it was three kerosene tins full', said Opanin Kuntor. 'I was afraid. But I put the tins in complete. They must have leaked'.

'Ah', said the Chief. 'I'm sure they did'.

—Third Programme

This story was originally published in 'Africa South' 1

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Scientist's Dilemma

Sir,—Is applied science necessarily a retreat from adventure? Professor Toulmin thinks so (THE LISTENER, February 11) and so apparently also does Mr. Ralph Pearcy; even Mr. J. M. Ziman's excellent letter conveys the feeling that applied science is a wearisome national duty. But surely science, whether pure or applied, is what you make it; at its best an unlimited source of intellectual Everests to be set up and grappled with in one's own laboratory? The analysis of haemoglobin is pure science, the synthesis of diamond applied science. But as scientific challenges are they not identical, to be accepted only by the most stout-hearted and adventurous? And is not the theory of transistors as elegant and scientifically satisfying as the theory of, say, Cerenkov radiation? Or the Bessemer converter as bold an apparatus as the cyclotron?

It seems to me that both pure and applied science offer unlimited opportunities for intellectual adventures, but that pure science, no more than applied science, provides no guarantee against dullness. A glance through the pages of any learned scientific journal, whether published in the days of amateur or professional science, will show that. It is depressing to see people not really suited to research in pure science spending their lives dotting the i's and crossing the t's of other people's work, squabbling over details, and offering to the learned societies lack-lustre manuscripts that bring yawns to their readers.

I cannot believe that in this they are all making the best of themselves. Were they not narrowed by their scientific upbringing into thinking that real value is to be found only in pure science, some at least might get more fun out of trying to grow diamonds, or from one of the other adventures of applied science.

Yours, etc.,
A. H. COTRELL

Ludwig Wittgenstein

Sir,—Of course Wittgenstein did not assume that he alone had something to teach. And Professor Malcolm (THE LISTENER, February 4) neither said this nor implied it. What Wittgen-

stein did fear was that philosophers who came to hear him would distort his teaching, and that they would put forward borrowed and misplaced ideas as their own; as they often did. It was to this that Malcolm was referring, as Professor Flew with further pondering must have realized.

I wish myself that people would talk less about Wittgenstein's 'personality'. But it was not his 'disciples' who started this. And Professor Flew might have found points to criticize in Wittgenstein's views, or reasons for thinking his influence harmful to philosophy, instead of pretending to find serious issue in Mr. Dixon's enthusiasm. Mr. Dixon, by the way, had spoken of Wittgenstein's work. It was Professor Flew who switched over to the 'cult of personality'.

Yours, etc.,
RUSH RHEES
Swansea

Sir,—Mr. Beloff makes the point 'not that [his] interpretation [of "I know what I am thinking"] is necessarily correct but that any such interpretation must be to a large extent arbitrary, hence the futility of basing any philosophical conclusions on an analysis of linguistic habits'. This is surely the core of the problem. Need an assessment of the correctness of an interpretation necessarily be arbitrary, and hence futile? What, in fact, should be the criterion of such correctness?

Is not the solution to be found in the approach to philosophic problems that regards correctness, not as an absolute, permanently valid in some imaginary universal context, but as dependent on the particular context or purpose involved? An assessment of correctness on this basis is not arbitrary, but is a considered judgment as to whether the interpretation is appropriate to the context. Thus, the statement 'I know what I am thinking' is perfectly correct in an every-day context, though, as Mr. Beloff points out, rarely uttered, because otiose. In a discussion between philosophers, however, in which each is using his own specialized definition of the word 'know', for his own specialized purpose, its correctness depends on which purpose is accepted as the relevant one for the time being. This view of philosophical disputes, which is appealing increasingly to

those non-professionally interested in the subject, has recently been fully set out by Rupert Crawshay-Williams in his book *Methods and Criteria of Reasoning*.

Yours, etc.,
Cambridge JOHN S. L. GILMOUR

Communism and British Intellectuals

Sir,—It is a mark of the relevance of my talk on 'Communism and British Intellectuals' (THE LISTENER, January 7) that it should have evoked from Mr. R. E. Dowse (January 28) and from Mr. E. P. Thompson (February 4) such extraordinary responses. Both insist on rewriting my talk in order to attack what I did not say. It was, for example, Mr. Dowse and not I who insisted that when I said that the Communist Party provided bogus outlets for revolutionary impulses, what I must have meant was simply that the Communist Party was politically unsuccessful. But this was not what I meant. Genuine revolutionaries can be unsuccessful and successful politicians, even when successful under the banners of revolution, need not be revolutionary at all. Mr. Dowse says that my lack of knowledge of Labour history during the inter-war period is obvious. Perhaps the next time he makes a remark like this in controversy he would care to offer evidence for it. Pointing out that Palme Dutt had already used concepts which I used is no substitute for this. Had I gone to the sources of my argument it would have been to Trotsky's remarks in *Pravda* in May 1926 that I would have referred, rather than to Palme Dutt.

What made the early British Communists authentic Marxists? To answer this, one would have to refer to a number of factors. Their desire to unite theory and practice in Leninist manner, their world-historical perspective, and their wish for inner-party democracy are some of them. Why Mr. Dowse supposes that the transition from Marxism to Stalinism has to be narrowly dated and did not occur over a number of years I cannot imagine. Why also he should suppose that there is not such a thing as an authentic interpretation of Marxism I find equally strange.

Mr. Dowse tries to accuse me of ignorance

and merely succeeds in exhibiting it. Mr. Thompson tries to accuse me of distortion and merely succeeds in practising it. I said in my talk that many of those who both left the Communist Party in the wake of the Hungarian riots and remained Marxists joined the Socialist Labour League. Mr. Thompson asks me to name three of those 'prominent' in that revolt who did this. I do not know what his criteria of 'prominence' are. It was not my word. But Cliff Slaughter, Alex McLarty, and Brian Pearce are three names out of many available. They may not have been 'prominent' enough for Mr. Thompson, but one of them, Brian Pearce, was associated with the editors of *The Reasoner* to the extent that he wrote a pamphlet which appeared under their auspices. So that Mr. Thompson's statement that 'Not one of those who were actively associated with John Saville and myself in *The Reasoner* episode has done this' is not correct.

I am glad that Mr. Thompson has now revealed his afterthoughts about the place of the intellectual in the Communist Party to the historians of the future, for I think that to any ordinary reader of the passage which Dr. Neal Wood and I both cited no amount of sense of context would have enabled him to deduce the restrictions with which Mr. Thompson now wants to hedge it round. Moreover Mr. Thompson is forced into further distortion by his present attitude. He says of Ralph Fox among others that he displayed 'a poise between practical engagement and intellectual integrity'. Ralph Fox is one of those whom I had in mind when I spoke in my talk of 'much authentic anti-Fascist heroism'. But if intellectual integrity is to be spoken of, I suggest that Mr. Thompson turns up the two articles which Fox wrote in the *Daily Worker* when the period of the purges demanded the blackening of Trotsky. Is participation in this sort of fabrication compatible with integrity? The moral is not that Fox was a villain, but that Stalinism has among its crimes the perversion of such fine people as Fox.

Mr. Thompson boasts that his present position is not a reversion to a mirror-opposite of old dogmas, which I imagine he takes mine to be. Certainly it is true that his position is in no sense a reversion. It is in the aspects revealed in his letter a straightforward continuation of the old, lacking only the context of the 'thirties which made that position slightly more excusable than than it is now.

Yours, etc.,
Leeds, 2 ALASDAIR MACINTYRE

The Use of English

Sir,—Your editorial in THE LISTENER of February 18 on 'The Use of English' ends with one of the most remarkable examples of the misunderstanding of English that I have ever read. You ridicule the view of Mr. I. Macdonald that the best means for scientists to obtain "an understanding of the functions, nature and structure of language" is to study Latin at school. As a teacher of English I would entirely agree—and most, if not all, teachers would support me—that this is precisely true.

Why scientists should wish to acquire such an understanding I do not know, but Latin is the best language available for such a purpose. If scientists wish to improve their understanding

and use of English they should clearly study that language. Many of the best and clearest writers of our language could never have passed an examination in its 'function, nature and structure'.

Tonbridge

Yours, etc.,
J. M. MCNEILL

More Thoughts in Canterbury Cathedral

Sir,—I feel moved to send you a brief reply in verse to the little poem 'In Canterbury Cathedral' by A. S. J. Tessimond in THE LISTENER of February 18. I chanced to be consecrated Bishop there, so I have a vested interest.

'These prayers of stone were raised by man,
And I, who cannot pray to God, to man must
pray.'

So writes the man who has by modern ways
Of thought been robbed of Christian faith,
So old, and yet to some for ever new.
And God, who here has heard so many prayers,
From saint and sinner, pilgrim and divine,
Even this dim desire for Him will not despise.

Bishop's Lodge,
Leicester

Yours, etc.,
RONALD LEICESTER

A Look at 'Panorama'

Sir,—In his article on 'Panorama' last week Mr. Michael Wall states: 'The first two years of 'Panorama' do not really count. Then it was a fortnightly magazine devoted mainly to the arts, and the men concerned with it today claim no credit or responsibility at all'.

Perhaps these men find it convenient to forget what happened in 'Panorama' during those two years, but clearly Mr. Wall has accepted their story in good faith. The facts are these. Certain items were admittedly devoted to the arts, and were the forerunner of 'Monitor'. (Such personalities as Somerset Maugham, Salvador Dali, Peter Ustinov, John van Druten, James Thurber, Elsa Maxwell, and Lord Harewood were introduced to viewers for the first time.) But the main driving force behind the 'Panorama' of 1954-55, and the element which built up a viewing public of 5,000,000, was what one critic called its 'hard-hitting topicality'.

To quote a few examples: in April, 1954, a special edition was devoted to the H-bomb, with Professor Rotblat, Bertrand Russell, Sir John Slessor, and the late Archbishop of York, Dr. Cyril Garbett (this was the first time an Archbishop had appeared 'live' in a B.B.C. television studio). In 1955 a special A-bomb edition commemorated the tenth anniversary of Hiroshima. Sir Alexander Fleming, three weeks before his death, told the story of penicillin. Dr. Billy Graham made his television début with Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge at the outset of his campaign. Professor Jung spoke on his eightieth birthday. Other speakers included Sir Brian Horrocks (a discovery of producer Andrew Miller-Jones), Mrs. Roosevelt, the Bishop of Johannesburg on *apartheid*, tycoon Emile Bustani, and an almost unknown explorer called Fuchs. On the night of Sir Winston Churchill's resignation, the 'Panorama' coverage included cartoons banned by the newspaper strike, and a rousing opinion of Sir Winston by his son Randolph.

Topical subjects ranged from drunk driving, brain-washing, and dental hypnosis (a girl's tooth being extracted in front of the camera made a sensation) to horror comics, Max

Robertson's report on the colour bar in Brixton, Britain's place in world sport, the future of the Mithras temple, Siamese twins, and capital punishment. This was discussed by Miss Jeanne Heal and Dr. Letitia Fairfield on the day Ruth Ellis was hanged. 'Panorama' was also the first programme to use the 'Roving Eye'.

Some of these items were crude and sketchy compared with present-day techniques, but these were pioneering days, and the shoestring budget was only £300 a programme. Today it is probably ten times that amount. Towards the close of the first series, with commercial television in the offing, Mr. Peter Black, the distinguished critic of the *Daily Mail*, described 'Panorama' as 'about the most valuable asset the B.B.C. possesses'.

This asset was acquired, in 1955, by Mr. Peacock and his colleagues. Why the conspiracy of silence about its value and contents? Can it be that the present 'Panorama' treatment is imitative rather than inventive? There may even be some who think that the 'Panorama' of today has lost part of its first, fine, careless rapture, and that, overstuffed and over-subsidized, it is becoming the 'British Railways' of the B.B.C. If so, it should not have *idées au dessus de sa gare*.

Yours, etc.,
London, S.W.19 MICHAEL BARSLEY

Television Drama

Sir,—Mr. Frederick Laws paid a compliment to the tradition and practice of radio drama in THE LISTENER of February 11. I join him in this tribute but, by way of contrast, he pointed to television drama in terms that I challenge.

It is my privilege to work with a group of men and women who are responsible for over 200 television drama or drama documentary programmes each year. Like all who are engaged in a craft or profession we are at times dissatisfied with the result of our labours and at others we are proud.

I have yet to note amongst us any inhibition due to panic, I use Mr. Laws's words, or contempt for the work in which we are engaged, or the audience for whom we produce.

His own sweeping comment makes it clear that Mr. Laws regards television drama differently. May we have evidence please? What is the extent of this gentleman's acquaintance with our plays and documentaries? Has he sufficient knowledge of our work to provide reasonable criticism, or are we to dismiss his observations as unsolicited impertinence?

Yours, etc.,
London, W.12 MICHAEL BARRY
Head of Drama, B.B.C. Television

Mr. Laws writes:

I am sorry to have offended Mr. Barry, but surprised that he did not understand that I was much more concerned to praise the quality of drama in sound than to be rude about television, and was describing dangers of audience pressure common to all the mass media. Obviously any statement about the standard of television drama would include the work of the commercial companies and could only be a personal opinion. But my remark that sound drama aims higher was neither casual nor malicious. My interest in televised plays goes back to a time when I was told to write less about them because 'television is a rich man's toy'.

—Editor, THE LISTENER

The Triumph of Gothic

By ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR

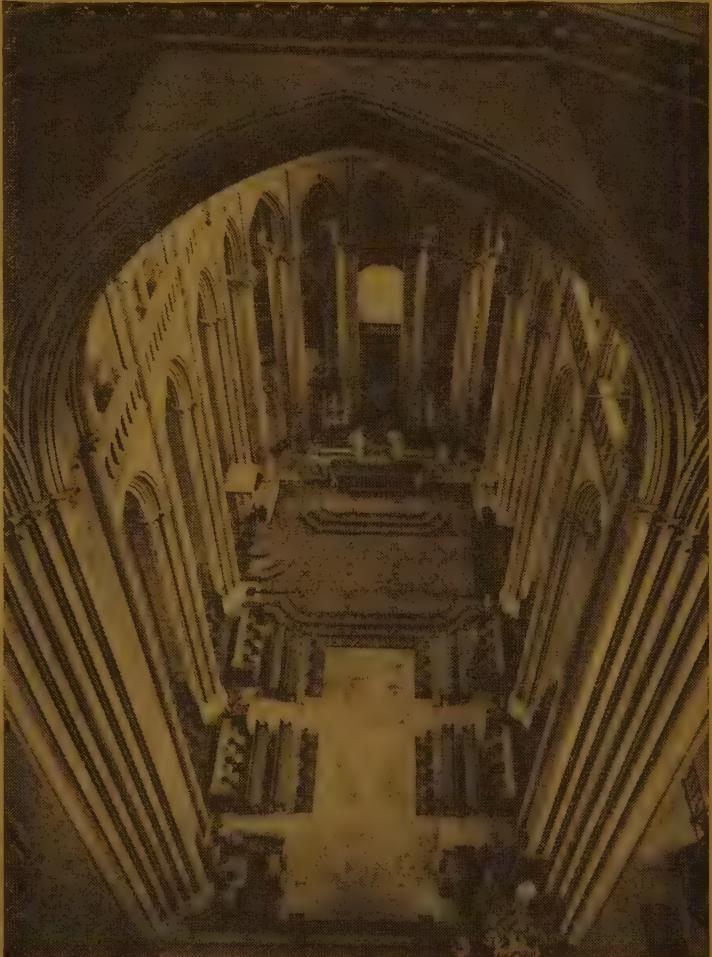
LET me begin by trailing my coat. When asked to say which I consider to be the finest English cathedral, I have no pat answer. Yet if I am asked a much more formidable question, 'What do you consider the greatest work of art in the world?', the curious fact is that I am now in no doubt whatever about my reply. The cathedral of Chartres. Regarded purely architecturally, there are finer buildings than Chartres—though not many; but when all its constituent parts, architecture, sculpture, stained glass, are placed in the scale together, this cathedral seems easily to outweigh all challengers: as they stand today, it is, surely, the loveliest of the works of man. With a little less confidence, I would go further, and name, for the second and third places in all the world, the cathedrals of Rheims and Bourges. And there are several other French Gothic cathedrals which rise majestically into the first class.

Hence a book on this subject is a challenge to any author, and more so than ever now, when books on French cathedrals, considered severally and together, are numerous. Most of them are, however, in French: in English there is ample room for a good new work on the Gothic cathedrals of France, addressed to the general reader.

Professor Aubert steps in with a book which in many respects is a joy*. As all who have met him or heard him lecture will know, there are few men who carry their learning with more grace or charm; and these qualities, as well as the learning, are abundantly present. Listen to him on the lintel of the west door at Senlis: 'Little angels have swooped down like a flight of swallows around the Virgin. They hover around her, dance attendance, jostle each other to see her, seize her and carry her to Paradise. One raises her by the shoulders, another supports her, a third takes her feet, a fourth bears the crown which he is going to place on her head, while the last one, a late-comer, thrusts aside the others so that he too can see his queen'. Was ever a word-picture more vivid? This is also the place to salute the translators. Lionel and Miriam Kochan, assisted by George Millard, who have performed their task so admirably that, did we not know otherwise, it would not have occurred to us that this book was not written *ab initio* in English.

The opening chapter gives us, in no more than eleven thousand words, a wonderfully comprehensive introduction. How did the cathedrals get built? Where did the materials come from? Who paid for them? What were the status and functions of the architects? What was the iconographical significance of the many elaborate

schemes carried out in sculpture and in glass? These, and many other questions no less relevant, are duly answered. Professor Aubert regards the progress in Gothic architecture as fundamentally an outcome of the quest for light, and still more light: not only shelter from the weather and protection from fire (hence the



The Choir of Coutances Cathedral in Normandy

absorption in problems of vaulting), but 'glorious light': a mystical quest of Neo-Platonic origin. This aim remained constant to the end of the Middle Ages, but on the other hand the attitude to nature, as mirrored in the sculptures, changed radically. 'The discovery of nature enchanted the artists, and they covered the capitals and the string-courses with flowers and fruit. At first they imitated the buds and sprouting leaves of early spring. In the thirteenth century the buds swelled and burst, and the leaves developed. In the fourteenth century they were veritable bouquets, leafy boughs, small branches loaded with flowers and fruit. In the fifteenth century came the jagged and thorny foliage of autumn'. The eighty-three plates which illustrate this first chapter mirror the Gothic mind with admirable fidelity, and comprise in themselves a fascinating conspectus of the French achievement.

The rest of the book is given over to descriptions of sixty-four cathedrals in turn, presented in a logical and interesting way. Abbot Suger builds his architecturally revolutionary church at Saint Denis. In June 1144 he gives what must have been a wonderful consecration party. Everyone comes, from the King and Queen downwards. Among the ecclesiastics are the Bishops of Senlis and Noyon, who promptly hurry back to embark upon the rebuilding of their own cathedrals. After Noyon, Laon: out of Laon springs Notre Dame de Paris: and so the great story unfolds. Some of the descriptions are too short, and Professor Aubert can be tantalizingly silent. For instance, among the buildings described there are four—Laon, Moulins, Poitiers, and Dol—which have the flat east end so familiar here in England, instead of the much finer apsidal arrangement, with ambulatory and, often, a cluster of chapels. At Laon the ancient apse, ambulatory, and radiating chapels were actually taken down in 1205 and replaced by a flat termination. Why? If the author has any theory which might help to explain it, he does not reveal it. Here and there, too, are things of high quality, especially 'treasures', such as the splendid triptych at Moulins or the famous tapestries at Rheims, of which he makes no mention. But his descriptions, so far as they go, are not only factually precise: they abound also in sensitive comments and criticisms. How joyously, for example, do we picture the west front at Strasbourg, with 'elegant stone arcading stretching across in front of the wall like the strings of some immense harp'; the two photographs show that the effect is indeed exactly that.

Of these photographs, printed in France in heliogravure, one can hardly speak too highly. They, no doubt, are what make this rather a costly book, but there are 146 of them, of which some, such as the view of Coutances here reproduced, from high up under the central tower, are a real enlargement of experience. Others, including a breath-taking photograph of Albi, show their subjects floodlit. For seventeen cathedrals there are also plans, sections, and internal bay elevations, all drawn to the same scale and printed on folding pages for easy comparison.

In only one respect does this book fail us: neither the plates nor the notes upon them are co-ordinated with the text. Some of these notes, which are by Mlle. Simone Goubet, are helpful, but many opportunities of elaborating, where the text is brief or altogether silent, are missed. Plate 4 is a typical example: of what is this the vault? Nowhere are we told. Nevertheless, what a book to possess, and to lend to one's friends!

* *Gothic Cathedrals of France and their Treasures*, by Marcel Aubert, in collaboration with Simone Goubet (Nicholas Kaye, £5) from which our illustrations are taken

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Shelley: His Thoughts and Work. By Desmond King-Hele. Macmillan. 42s.

Reviewed by SIR HERBERT READ

SHELLEY'S STOCK is low among the New Critics. His verse offers a rich gallimaufry of obscurity and solecism for the exercise of their destructive talents. Even his *Defence of Poetry*, which Yeats called 'the profoundest essay on the foundation of poetry in English', is described by Professor Wellek as the kind of defence of poetry that defeats its own purpose—'a loose synthesis of philosophy, morality, and art . . . Shelley's rhetoric was dated even in his own time; its arguments belong rather to the Renaissance . . .'. And yet—Shelley remains obstinately at the head of most anthologies of English verse, and in popular judgment he is the greatest of the English Romantic poets.

Into this ambiguous situation comes a critic with a somewhat unusual point of view, a mathematician, a principal scientific officer at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, and the author of a book, published almost simultaneously with this one, on *Satellites and Scientific Research* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 21s.). It is perhaps not difficult to see why Shelley should appeal to a scientist: he had quite exceptional scientific interests, as earlier critics, such as Carl Grabo, have pointed out. Whitehead's lament, that Shelley's literary critics have so little of Shelley in their own mentality, is the real justification for Mr. King-Hele's book; he does appreciate that 'what the hills were to the youth of Wordsworth, a chemical laboratory was to Shelley', and that science was 'part of the main structure of his mind, permeating his poetry through and through'. Mr. King-Hele shows, by patient selection and analysis, that 'Shelley's attitude to science emphasizes again the surprisingly modern climate of thought in which he chose to live . . . a belief in the possibilities of science which would have seemed out of proportion until modern times'. What is perhaps more interesting is Mr. King-Hele's attempt to isolate a 'scientific style' in Shelley's verse, which he finds best exemplified in the 'lyricized science' of *Prometheus Unbound*. He analyses a passage from Panthea's speech in Act IV (lines 238-61) beginning:

A sphere, which is as many thousand spheres,
Solid as crystal, yet through all its mass
Flow, as through empty space, music and
light . . .

and shows how it can be interpreted in a modern scientific idiom. But this is scientific intuition; what Mr. King-Hele means by a scientific style are phrases like 'heavens of liquid darkness', or

Tempering the cold and radiant air around
With fire that is not brightness,

which are images inspired by Herschel's discovery of 'dark heat rays' (infra-red rays) in 1800. In fact Shelley's imagination was inspired by scientific hypotheses, which he elaborated with a brilliance that his critics do not appreciate because they are ignorant. Mr. King-Hele gives several examples of captious criticism based on

such misunderstanding. A good example is Dr. F. R. Leavis's objection to the word 'shed' in the line:

The rainbow's glory is shed.
'only in the vaguest and slackest state of mind . . . could one so describe the fading of a rainbow'. But as Mr. King-Hele points out, 'the bow is created by the internal reflection of sunlight in waterdrops shed by the cloud, so that its glory is literally *shed* with the last drops of the shower'.

Though this book must be regarded as in general a defence of Shelley, Mr. King-Hele is not uncritical. He admits that Shelley's poetry is wanting in sympathy for the commonplace man, and that a poem like *Eripyschidion* is full of confusion. Shelley was a profuse and careless writer; and yet he was the master of a spontaneous lyricism that is unique in English poetry, and Mr. King-Hele brings us a little nearer to an understanding of his peculiar virtues. It is perhaps not a book for the Shelley addict, who will find much of the material too familiar; but there could be no better introduction for the reader who has not yet discovered Shelley, and has been discouraged by fashionable academic attitudes. There is much to delight us in Shelley's poetry; there is much that is relevant and inspiring in his thought.

The Roots of Crime. By Edward Glover. Imago Publishing Company. £2 5s.

Few people have contributed more to the understanding and treatment of pathological delinquency than Dr. Glover, distinguished psycho-analyst and one of the founders of the Institute for the Study and Treatment of Delinquency. This second volume of his collected papers on psycho-analysis is devoted to this topic, and will be invaluable to the student of criminology. There are general papers on the psycho-analytic approach to delinquency in which he calls for a more adequate classification of offences in terms of their 'meaning' rather than in terms of the social rules that have been broken. On the more specific side he expounds the psycho-analytic hypotheses concerned with the causes of different types of homosexual behaviour, while giving emphatic support for the major recommendation of the Wolfenden Report. Turning to prostitution, he explains the melancholy fact that when the prostitute and her client come together a dismal time seems to be had by all; each party is, *au fond*, hostile to the other. Perhaps the most interesting section is the one of the 'Criminal Psychopath'. While accepting—indeed, insisting on—the significance of constitutional factors, Dr. Glover explores the kinds of developmental hazards that lead to the formation of these explosive characters. In particular he takes the view that 'there is no question of the non-existence of the super-ego' in psychopathy'; the psychopath projects his guilt on to the environment and proceeds to punish it.

The temporal sequence of the papers does indicate some progress, not only in the understanding of the pathological roots of crime, but also in the attitude of the sentencers to the sub-

ject—a matter of some importance when we reflect that 'the statistical boundaries of pathological crime have never been established'. The first paper was read in 1922 at a Summer School for Women Magistrates. It was something that it was read at all, and we are told of some of the comments made by members of the audience. The tone is persuasive: 'You will hardly believe this, but . . .'. Nowadays many magistrates are making an effort, so that in 1953 Dr. Glover can say that they ought to have the same knowledge of psychiatry 'that is generally demanded of the probation officer and other social workers in delinquency', without this sounding an absurd demand. He need not, alas, have confined himself to the magistrature. It may be that one of these days some knowledge of psychology, psychiatry, and even criminology will be expected of all criminal lawyers. When that day dawns the psychiatrist in the witness box will be confronted with informed attention instead of with insolence. A lot of information lies ready to hand, for those who want to do their job properly, in Dr. Glover's collected papers, and it will serve not only to enable lawyers to understand what the expert is saying, which is, after all, pretty elementary, but also, as Dr. Glover is at pains to point out, to enable them 'to protect the offender from the more exaggerated forms of psychiatric bias, should these present themselves in the report'.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Khrushchev's Russia. By Edward Crankshaw. Penguin. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Crankshaw is widely known for his weekly articles on Russia in *The Observer*, and has paid many visits to the country, most recently in 1959. He hopes that this, his fifth, book on Russia will be his last. Many of his readers will hope otherwise, since Mr. Crankshaw writes attractively, with sympathy and knowledge, and his views on the Russian scene are always stimulating and original. Long may he continue to enlighten us. The present booklet aims at describing the developments which have taken place in the Soviet Union since Stalin's death, under the dynamic leadership of Mr. Khrushchev. Mr. Crankshaw fears that Russia has become so much of an international symbol of menace and tyranny that the real changes which have been taking place will pass unnoticed. There is probably as much tendency today to say 'nothing has changed, Khrushchev is merely a new Stalin' as, at the other extreme, to assume readily that Russia has now become a kind of 'welfare state', in which totalitarianism is a thing of the past. Mr. Crankshaw's realistic analysis of the new as well as of the old which still survives should be read as a corrective to both these illusions.

The picture which emerges is of a vigorous materialistic society, rightly proud of its achievements, much less concerned with doctrine than with practical matters, determined to 'get on', and ruled always firmly, but not usually too tyrannically, by Secretary Khrushchev. Beneath the surface there stir the impatient intellectuals

of a new generation which is avid for more freedom, but which does not realize how to achieve it without endangering the only form of government it knows—one-party rule. In this context Mr. Crankshaw reprints as an appendix the long letter of criticism of Pasternak emanating from the Writers' Union.

One point made by Mr. Crankshaw is questionable. He asserts roundly that Mr. Khrushchev 'shows every sign of wishing to curtail the activities of the party as such', and to encourage 'spontaneous' action. But Mr. Khrushchev in fact is always saying the exact opposite, and indeed all the evidence points to a strengthening, not a weakening of the role of the party. The so-called 'voluntary public organizations' now being brought into play, which Mr. Crankshaw cites as examples to prove his thesis, are, as is evident from press descriptions of their activities, set up and controlled by the party. And did not Mr. Khrushchev himself recently assure the Central Committee that 'Spontaneity, Comrades, is the deadliest enemy of all'? The difference between a free and an unfree state lies precisely in the existence or absence of free, spontaneously formed institutions which the executive does not control. For all the changes which have taken place, there is no sign whatever that such free institutions are to be tolerated in the Soviet Union.

One small complaint: too many slips have gone uncorrected. For example, Zhdanov on page 35 dies both in 1947 and, twenty-four lines later (correctly), in 1948. Shcherbakov (who in fact died in 1945) dies in 1941 on page 19, and in 1943 on page 35.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

The Sacred Mushroom

By Andrija Puharich. Gollancz. 21s.

The flights of human fancy are being overtaken by the advance of science. The Luniktic fringe already ranges through the 100,000 galaxies beyond our own; and now the world of what rationalists dismissed as 'old wives' tales' and Christians rejected as 'forces of darkness' is being explored by groups of workers calling themselves 'parapsychologists'.

Their principal study is of ESP, or extra-sensory perception, the faculties of psychometry, clairvoyance, or telepathy whereby 'sensitives', specially gifted in one way or another, can secure results in tests thousands and sometimes millions of times better than those to be expected by the law of probability.

Dr. Puharich describes the increase in sensitivity caused by placing the senders and receivers in 'Faraday cages', whose copper walls prevent electromagnetic waves and electrostatic effects passing inside. Telepathic teams whose average was 12/50 hits (the chance average being 6/50), scored 25/50 in a Faraday cage which was earthed and 43/50 hits in the same cage, carrying an electrical charge of 20,000 volts D.C. negative on the outer walls.

Findings such as these pose puzzles of evaluation, but nothing in comparison with Dr. Puharich's fantastic story of the Dutch sculptor Harry Stone who, falling into a trance, spoke and wrote ancient Egyptian messages purporting to come from Ra Ho Tep (a character found to have lived 2,700 B.C.) and giving information about a mushroom, the fly agaric, capable of allowing the spirit to leave the body and travel at will, a faculty supposed to have been

possessed by, among others, the shamans of Siberia.

Dr. Puharich is vouched for by Aldous Huxley as 'one of the most brilliant minds in parapsychology'. His story of the search for the fly agaric and his research into its properties is one of the most amazing of modern times. Readers may feel wary in following the doctor through the labyrinth of his philological speculation. But if his facts are taken as correct, as it seems that they should be, it would appear that there is such a thing as what he calls 'MCC', a mobile centre of consciousness which can be stimulated by the use of certain drugs. (The fly agaric contains muscarine and atropine—deadly poisons which counteract one another—and bufotenin, which produces hallucinations.)

Rather than commit himself to conclusions, Dr. Puharich pleads that much more time and money must be devoted to the investigation of 'MCC'. To those already convinced that there are large areas in human consciousness not covered by the five senses, *The Sacred Mushroom* opens many new avenues of thought. But it is so ingenious and entertaining that even the sceptical will enjoy it as science-fiction.

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL

Rome, Naples and Florence. By Stendhal.

Translated by Richard N. Coe.

Calder. 42s.

A Roman Journal. By Stendhal. Edited and translated by Haakon Chevalier. André Deutsch, for Orion. £2 15s.

'He painted what he saw, as Dante did, exposing his heart', wrote Stendhal in his copy of the first (1817) edition of *Rome, Naples et Florence*. This might have been the perfect epigraph for his book, had he not decided to rework and amplify the original into the second edition of 1826. The first writing sprang across the page in a *prestissimo* of happiness; Stendhal had discovered what he wanted to do and how he could do it. But in his re-making of the book (this had been his one success and he needed money) it became something else—an Italian *causerie* by the brilliant but sometimes repetitive M. Beyle. It is to this second edition that Mr. Richard Coe has brought his considerable gifts as translator and Stendhalian eruditus, a little to one's regret.

But Mr. Coe's work becomes an instant pleasure if we take the book quite simply in the way Stendhal intended we should: as advice to those who are about to make the Italian tour. *Les Promenades dans Rome*, translated (with some abridgments) by Mr. Haakon Chevalier and published in a handsome volume with engravings of the period to catch the italophile's eye, was compiled and written even more deliberately as a guide-book for the tourist, and it should be read as such. Neither of these volumes has lost its point; their value lies less in the information provided, which is often inaccurate, than in their object-lessons on a traveller's comportment: how to look and how to listen rather than what to see and what to hear.

Stendhal has always been a master for those who are driven by the *esprit de contradiction*, the private revolt against the public conformities. Those who have proclaimed themselves his disciples are legion; his true posterity is rare. It is easy to appropriate his idiom of intellectual *désinvolture* without perceiving how brittle it

becomes when it is divorced from the informing energy of his *âme sensible*.

In both these books we can watch this energy at play on the arts of music and painting in Italy. Stendhal practised an aesthetic of sentiment and it was with this weapon alone that he attacked fashionable affectation and cultural prestige. Is such an 'exposure of the heart' really as ridiculous as it seems to us now? We have come to dismiss this approach to the arts as if it were some adolescent phase of which we can only be ashamed. 'The painting which pleases a sincere and cultivated man', affirms André Malraux in a sentence which summarily disposes of Stendhal the amateur, 'is one which represents a noble and exalted fiction; this pleasure has nothing to do with the nature of painting'. So be it; but who, then, will deliver us from the boring tyranny of the pedants? We have but to read Stendhal's lively notes on the Carracci, Dominichino or Guido Reni (or go and see their paintings at Burlington House with these two volumes in mind) to be persuaded that the 'heart' is not to be altogether despised as an instrument of pictorial judgment. At least the uninhibited 'heart' has the honesty to know when it is bored—as Stendhal's was before the respected frigidities of David or the admired, insipid Greuze. But would this *âme sensible* have been able to combat the boredom of a Venice Biennale, one wonders, if he had strayed into the century in which he believed he would be read and understood? We still need Stendhal—in books such as these or any others, as yet untranslated, that Mr. Coe or Mr. Chevalier may like to give us.

H. G. WHITEMAN

The Criminal Prosecution in England

By Patrick Devlin. Oxford. 15s.

Lord Justice Devlin (as he has now become) could scarcely have foreseen how timely the publication of the lectures he delivered before the Law Society of Yale University would prove to be. The theme of the lectures is the procedure to be followed by the prosecuting authorities in England when an accused person is under suspicion, and the steps to be taken, if the accused person is arrested and charged and subsequently arraigned in court. That theme, which closely concerns the liberty of the subject, necessitates an examination of police powers and duties, and of the judicial control exercised over them, together with many topics that agitate the public mind whenever the administration of justice is under discussion. Sir Patrick Devlin has shown himself to be intensely interested in these topics, as his Hamlyn Lectures of 1957 on *Trial by Jury* bear eloquent witness. The importance of his new book lies in the fact that a judge of such quality has chosen to publish this careful and ordered account of the institutions which have been concerned with the criminal prosecution in English from the earliest times, and to make his comments and criticisms on the procedure which is operative today.

It was a fortunate circumstance that the Lectures were first delivered to an American audience, for Sir Patrick found it necessary and desirable to explain many of the peculiarities of English law and procedure with some precision and in some detail. Such topics as the division of the legal profession in England into barristers and solicitors, the way in which English judges

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The Plains of Abraham by Brian Connell

A lively and colourful study of the capture of Quebec, on which depended the future of Canada. Mr. Connell's book is exciting and vigorously written, and the interplay of character and the well-drawn background add interest to a story which never flags.
June Hodder & Stoughton 21s.; RU 5s. 9d.

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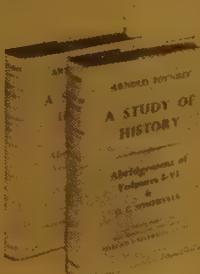
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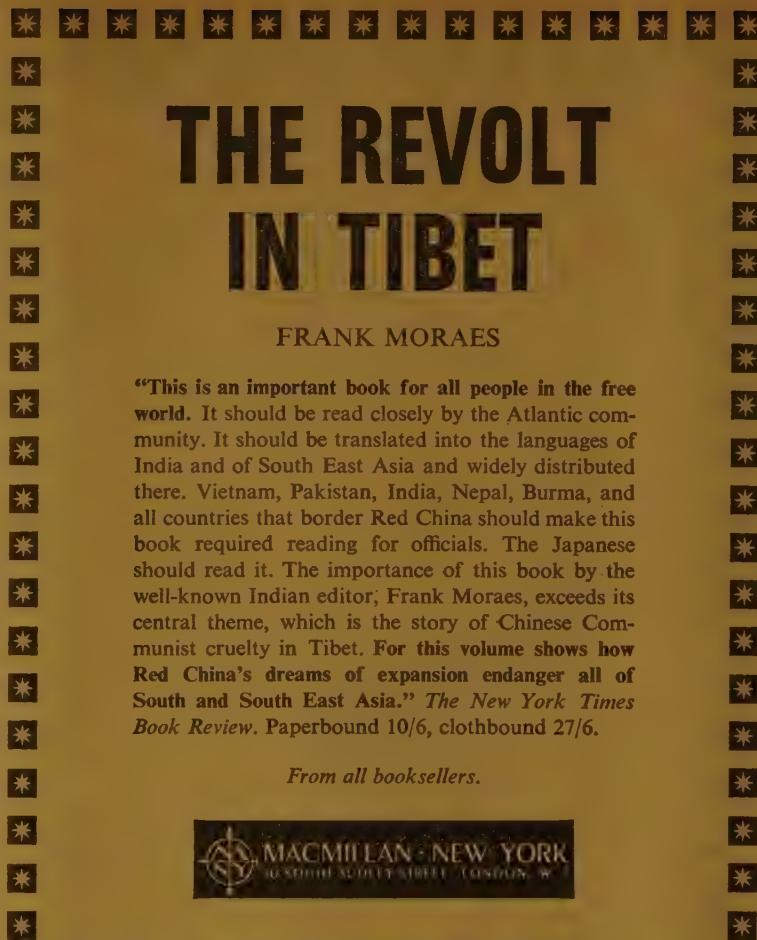
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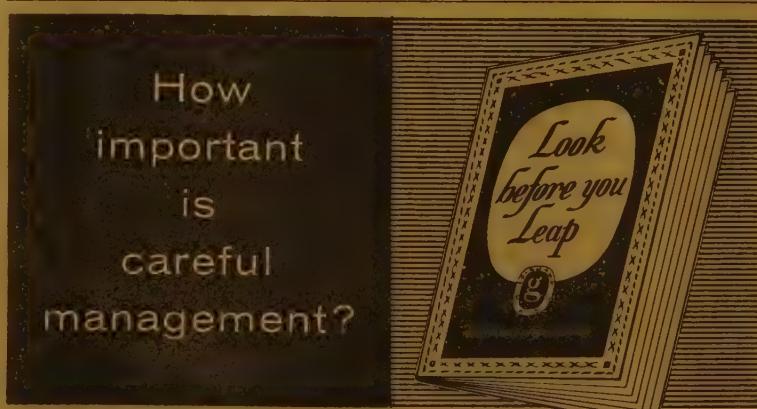
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are appointed, the constitution of the various criminal courts, the powers of the Home Secretary, the functions of the Attorney-General, the relations between Bench and Bar in the conduct of criminal cases, the rights of the citizens and the responsibilities of the Crown, are discussed with understanding in their connexion with the main theme. Indeed, it would not be too much to say that the book is a concise summary of the English criminal law affecting the criminal prosecution as it has grown and developed through seven centuries. Sir Patrick has proceeded on the sound footing that it is not possible to understand the working of present forms of legal life unless the past history is known, and the evolutionary process clearly seen. He therefore relates the history of the Grand Jury from its origin to its abolition. He traces the functions of the magistrates in obtaining proof of the commission of crime down to the time when the police forces of the country took over these duties.

In the result the book becomes a clear guide to all concerned with the administration of justice, for the book might very well carry the sub-title *The Search for Justice*, and it is to be hoped that it will be widely read. It is particularly valuable for the expressions of opinion contained in it. They are based upon the personal experiences of Sir Patrick as Counsel and Judge. He has a high opinion of the police and their sense of fairness, and of the English citizen and his respect for the law. No doubt it will be said that one of Her Majesty's Judges is in a position to see the best side of things, but nobody can read this book without being impressed by the judicial fairness manifested throughout. He is not blind to the temptations which beset the police, and to the weaknesses of the existing machinery of the law; but his clear and calm discussion of the criminal prosecution in England is likely to be deeply appreciated by the legal profession and also by the public at large.

BIRKETT

The White Road. By L. P. Kirwan.

Hollis and Carter. 30s.

Sverdrup's Arctic Adventures

Adapted by T. C. Fairley.

Longmans. 30s.

Is it because the polar regions are among the last to be explored that they fascinate readers, or because they are the last where we should care to be? A century ago Lady Franklin's passionately steadfast refusal to believe that her husband and his men had indeed died in the North-West Passage adventure, made as great a stir as the Fuchs-Hillary expedition in Antarctica could do in our own day of broadcasts from the base, colour-photography of what had been imagined to be white, and airlifts for huskies and news-men. The international race for the Poles, which scientific geographers might find irrelevant, was sure of the headlines even when there was only the one-column kind; and if we are to have deathless epics the Captain Scott story has as sure a claim as any.

Such expected chapters are as freshly and soundly written as the less familiar passages in Mr. Kirwan's substantial book, which is rather surprisingly the first to cover in this compass both Arctic and Antarctic exploration. He was the right author for it, not only as Director of

the Royal Geographical Society and active in the organization of recent expeditions and research, but also because he has *not* been to the Poles himself. He can share our own grip of the armchair. As for the appeal of 'the last great journey in the world', one has only to point out that Mr. Kirwan begins at 320 B.C. with the immortal Pytheas (before boarding the long-boats of the Norsemen and the currags of the monks) to ensure that student and browser will both be captured. On the latest developments, conclusions, and possibilities he is brief but up to date. Between lies a comprehensive survey which for style and arrangement could hardly be bettered. There are illustrations, maps, a select bibliography and an index.

Mr. Fairley's adaptation of Captain Otto Sverdrup's out-of-print but classic journal of his charting (1898-1902) of the huge island area north of Canada which is named after him, is an additional Canadian tribute to the Norwegian who had been belatedly recompensed only a fortnight before his death. Last year's news of oil and minerals in this Arctic wilderness gives special point to Mr. Fairley's additional chapters on the conflict of ownership between Canada and Norway, with the U.S.A. looking over their shoulders. It is the sort of book, indeed, for which Mr. Kirwan's broad survey, with its emphasis on motive, whets the appetite. For behind the immediacy of the questions involved we have a new portrait for the gallery: that of the tough, red-bearded Norseman whose achievements are given in his own modest and attractive narrative. It is largely by Sverdrup's efforts that the famous *Fram*—his ship, as well as Amundsen's and Nansen's—can be seen today not far from the rediscovered burial-ships of the Vikings.

FRANCIS WATSON

The Picaresque Saint

By R. W. B. Lewis. Gollancz. 25s.

Whatever else one says about it, *The Picaresque Saint* demands notice as the most ambitious attempt to draw a single pattern through modern literature since—well, since *The Outsider*. Twentieth-century writing—so runs Professor Lewis's argument—has been uniquely if justifiably preoccupied with death: death, and the possible human answers to it. For the first great generation of moderns—Joyce, Mann, Proust, Virginia Woolf—the answer, he maintains, was art: the arrest of mortality in static forms, the flight from time's decay into an unconditioned world of imagination. For their successors—the generation represented, to his mind, by Moravia, Camus and Malraux, Silone, Faulkner and Greene—that answer proved inadequate and was replaced by a variously propounded concept of charity. The representative hero of their novels, he asserts, is an outlawed wanderer, the prisoner of a sense of cosmic homelessness, who finds a significance for life—a reason for living—in the companionship of its victims. The pursuit of this meaning, directing his own lost steps down through man's profoundest degradations, leads him to a kind of gutter sainthood: the grace found by Greene's whisky-priest among the horrors of a Mexican gaol in *The Power and the Glory*, by Silone's cassocked fugitive among the abased Marsican peasants of *Bread and Wine*.

It is a theme whose gravity compels interest, put forward by an aggressive, idiosyncratic in-

telligence which exacts attention. *The Picaresque Saint*, I suspect, will be one of those important bad books which make life hell for whole generations of sixth-form masters and college tutors. For it strikes me, I'm afraid, as maddeningly bad. Its imperious speciousness appears, after a blink, in the ringing premises of its introit. Did Joyce and Virginia Woolf's generation really seek their one refuge in art? Is that all Professor Lewis reads in *Ulysses* and *To the Lighthouse*, in Forster and Lawrence? Did their successors, on the other hand, whom Malraux 'more fully than any of his contemporaries, almost allegorically represents', really reject art's answer to oblivion? What on earth is the author of *Les Voix du Silence* up to at the Comédie Française?

Of course, we need not take critical generalizations deeply to heart. They have no use except as tools to illuminate particular works, after which they may be cast aside. Even that Jungian quest for archetypes, which finds sacraments in Henry James and Christ-figures in Dickens, may have its instructiveness, so long as the images wrenched out to make an allegoric holiday are rescued from apposition and restored to their adjectival, implicatory contexts. But surely it must have struck even Professor Lewis that only two of the dozen or so novels he considers begin to fit his chosen archetype. *Bread and Wine* is obviously its model; the resemblance to *The Power and the Glory* is fairly clear (though I suspect Greene attributed the grace achieved by his hero more to his cloth than to his company). But Moravia's *Woman of Rome*—picaresque, yes, but where's the sanctity? Faulkner's *The Bear*—Ike McCaslin goes off to carpenter in the forest like Jesus, but his virtue seems rather a flight from the world to the vanishing innocence of the frontier tradition. Camus's *The Fall*—surely the point of the book is that Jean-Baptiste Clamence's corkscrew monologue of self-accusation and exculpation is delivered to himself, in absolute moral solitude? Instead of illuminating, Professor Lewis's thesis lies fuzzily over these works, muddling their outlines like a double exposure.

The fault lies, to my mind, in his fundamental generalization about answers to death. Death is not in literature—nor perhaps out of it—a term with much fixed content of its own. Nine-tenths unknown, its definitions are nine-tenths responses. For every writer, death will become an emotional portmanteau, carrying his fears, hatreds, and some desires. In Kafka, death is society; in Eliot, the atomization of it. In Faulkner, it is the decay of the old Southern order; in Silone, the traditional order which crushes the peasants. In Camus's essays, death is the enemy; but in his fiction it becomes something richer, a dark nobility which serves life by demanding commensurate dignity of it. A writer's attitude before death must be his fullest, most personal, multiple statement: his whole work, with all its complexities and ambiguities. Professor Lewis, who scorns 'persons permanently at home with contradictions', has tried to saw down five great men to the consistency of his small historical construction. He succeeds, I suppose, in diminishing them. It is usual to extenuate such books by saying that, though wrong-headed, they suggest, they open, vistas. In the interests of dogmatism, this one excludes suggestion. It opens no vistas. It seals many.

RONALD BRYDEN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Unhappy Medium

I IMAGINE that there must have been 'pretty near 100-per-cent. turnout', as we say on election nights, for 'Lifeline's' post-mortem on 'The Medium' (February 17). Viewers may be reminded that a fortnight earlier we were shown a remarkable film of Mr. Johnson, a professional medium, conducting a session with a lady quite unknown to him—who was only revealed at the end as the resident Psychiatrist's wife, thus effectively ruling out all possibility of collusion. The subject's own assessment of that performance was 'quite fantastic'. Without going so far as that, it was certainly pretty surprising. One did not have to accept Mr. Johnson as necessarily a 'medium', that is to say, one conversing with spirits; but his other term for himself, a 'sensitive', did appear *prima facie* to have been substantiated.

But alas, the follow-up was disappointing in almost every particular. The Psychiatrist was quite unlike his usual acute self—heavy-footed and evasively reiterative—and one very soon got the impression (which continued to deepen) that everybody concerned had got together in the fortnight's interval and decided that poor Mr. Johnson must be put out of court at all costs. The treatment of the earlier material was inadequate where it was not baffling. Mr. Johnson had made a number of suggestions whose accuracy demanded subsequent check; for instance, he intimated that the subject's father had been having trouble with his eyes, and at the time of the session she was unable either to confirm or deny it. And there were several similar points. Why were they not settled for us? And great stress was laid upon some supposed loop-hole in Mr. Johnson's diagnosis of cancer in the subject's mother. Twice we have heard him specify cancer and the lady emphatically reply 'Yes!' Yet now we were airily told that this just was not so, without any sort of further explanation vouchsafed us. That simply isn't good enough.

Then various experts were produced to pooh-pooh, including Mr. Chan Canasta, of whom I yield to none in admiration as a conjurer, but must be allowed to say that his great gifts are in the field of objects, not of people. And so we came to a sudden and sullen end, with the Psychiatrist informing us that evidently there was nothing in it, but nevertheless reiterating for the iggleteenth time that no one, of course, wished to cast any doubt upon poor simple Mr. Johnson's sincerity.

By this time it did not seem to me that it was Mr. Johnson's that was in question. I presume myself to be quite as 'hard-headed' as the Psychiatrist and his guests. But one can have a soft-headed sentimental at-

tachment to mechanistic rationalism too. The inescapable fact remained that, with all due apology to Mr. Canasta, Mr. Johnson was capable of a performance that no one else present could begin to aspire to and that, without invoking spirits, and when all the explaining away had been done, a certain residue of the conventionally inexplicable persisted.

'Monitor' was back on form again on Sunday (February 14), beginning with a profoundly interesting interview with Lawrence Durrell. I have had occasion before to complain of the extreme rarity of the imaginative use of the camera: ninety-nine times out of a hundred it is just pointed at things, which it records in a more or less factual but never essentially illuminating way. Exactly the same may be said of human language, which is also merely 'pointed at things', with just the same result or lack of it. But listening to Mr. Durrell gave exactly the same satisfaction as one obtains from the other works of imagination, whether they be poems, music, or pictures. His is a rare mind, that thinks naturally in poetic metaphor. The other most noticeable thing was that he spoke straight across; that is, without either humility or condescension, at his own level, taking himself and his own beliefs perfectly lightly and perfectly seriously.

After this any return to the fallen arches of workaday speech was going to be pretty despairing; but the descent to the superior gentleman who introduced the Zambra company of flamenco singers and dancers was

catastrophic. He spoke very much *down* but provided less than no warrant for it, unless he was counting on his affected mispronunciation of Spanish place-names. Surely the dancers and singers were their own explanation?

A relief, after this, to return to the heights of the ingeniously presented 'interview with Michelangelo'. Two comments here. No doubt 'Monitor's' budget did not run to a trip to Rome, but details of still photographs are not the ideal presentation of sculpture; the film-camera has this great advantage, that it can move round a three-dimensional object, not merely up and down a two-dimensional representation of it. And couldn't somebody, somewhere,



From 'Monitor' on February 14: Lawrence Durrell (right), the poet and novelist, at his home in the Camargue, talking to Huw Wheldon about his Alexandrian novels—

somehow, have seen to it that the actors impersonating Michelangelo and his interviewer placed the accent on Medici on the first and not the second syllable?

HILARY CORKE

DRAMA

Jungle of Arden

SEVERAL WRITERS HAVE already pointed out the affinity between John Arden's first television play, *Soldier, Soldier* (February 16), and his stage work, *Sergeant Musgrave's Dance*, which occasioned so much agonized critical reappraisal a couple of months ago. The affinity, indeed, is so close that one can scarcely discuss *Soldier, Soldier* as a self-sufficient piece: it is more a comic counterpart to its grimly claustrophobic predecessor.

Both plays concern the arrival of soldiers in northern colliery towns and make a calculated opposition between harshly virile military qualities and the dull-witted spiritlessness of civilians; the plots of both turn on the device of a local boy who joined the Army and never came home; above all, both inhabit a dark, enclosed world which—despite all talk of Büchner and the German expressionists—is John Arden's own. There is, moreover, a network of cross-references and internal echoes between the two plays. When the braggart hero of *Soldier, Soldier* mobilizes a sing-song in the pub he comes very close to Musgrave's recruiting scene; and the shot of the abandoned wife dangling a doll of her soldier boy on a cord evokes the appalling home-coming in *Musgrave* when the red-coated skeleton is swung up on a gallows in the market place.

Sergeant Musgrave's Dance gave theme-hunters an excuse for reading into it a comment on recent events in Cyprus and Kenya. *Soldier, Soldier* offers them no such foothold. Its plot is intendedly as blatant and obvious as a brass-band march. The hero tricks a family into believing that he can get their son out of the Glasshouse; he sponges on them, seduces the son's wife, and when he has milked them dry he takes to the road again, a merry tune on his lips. The events are no more than a mechanical



—and a detail of Michelangelo's 'Madonna and Child' in the church of Notre-Dame, Bruges

necessity to permit the Ardenesque atmosphere to reveal itself. Its characters are identified not by what they do, but by what they are.

The soldier is an archetypal creation, burst out of context and striding about the world alone. He asserts the principle of freebooting arrogance with an inexhaustible vitality and total lack of shame equivalent to that of Don Juan. His only language is the military, reworked by Mr. Arden into a poetic amalgam of paraground formality and barrack-room *argot*. Andrew Keir played him with magnificent attack, launching off into the rattling tirades and flights of rhyme with an indomitable self-confidence, armour-plated masculinity almost to the point of becoming sexless. There was no difficulty in accepting him as a symbolic figure and discounting his lack of resemblance to real-life regulars who go A.W.O.L.

But the town setting is a different matter; some people have taken it to be naturalistic. If one does look at it in that way, then Mr. Arden emerges as an inaccurate and cold-hearted observer of life. Northerners are not a collection of bedraggled vegetables, and if they were there would be no amusement in seeing such defenceless fools being outwitted. In fact, the setting is as legendary as the protagonist. The inhabitants in their match-box houses, subsisting on a vile diet of mild beer, chips, and yellow cake, are creatures of a sombre vision of society. One hesitates to call this poetic, because Mr. Arden has not found a proper language in which to express it. He uses heightened cliché, but he has not yet absorbed this into his own idiom as other modern dramatists (John Mortimer, for instance) have done. But the dwarfish figures, with their drooping moustaches and shapeless clothes, stand out grotesquely like Brueghel's misshapen peasants.

Mr. Arden made no concessions to television conventions in writing this play. It makes a sweepingly theatrical gesture, using colour and torrential pressure in place of realism. His formal innovation—which strikes me as wholly satisfactory—is to have expanded a ballad to the length of a short play. This enables him to present characters who are larger than life on a small scale. The ballad atmosphere was caught up in Stuart Burge's immensely lively production, which proceeded at about twice the customary pace and was flogged into an ever-increasing *brio* by a *prestissimo* arrangement of the song from which the play takes its title.

Leaning heavily on the *Oxford Companion to the Theatre*, Brian Rix did his best to justify

inclusion of E. V. Tidmarsh's farce, *Is Your Honeymoon Really Necessary?*, in the 'Twentieth Century Theatre' series (February 21). He also mentioned that it ran for 980 performances during the war; the idea of audiences ignoring the falling bombs so as to roar their heads off at every ten-thumbed innuendo in this two-bedroom piece, strikes me as a more eloquent testimonial to the robustness of British character than the gathering of hushed assemblies for Dame Myra Hess's midday concerts at the National Gallery. English farce of this century is beyond me; its mechanics (compared with Feydeau and Pinero) seem amateurish, its verbal humour unequal to that of ordinary conversation, and its assumptions about the audience insulting. I took



Double Agent?, first of the second series of 'Spycatcher', on February 18: Nicholas Light (left) as Meier, a German spy, and Bernard Archard as Colonel Pinto

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Blood and Lightning

THE GREAT POET dramatists of the Elizabethan and Jacobean period relied on language and swift action more than on any visual or mechanical illusion to create the mood and atmosphere they wanted in the minds of their audience. Microscopic examination of Shakespeare's imagery has recently been overdone, but it is a more profitable way of investigating his intentions than guessing, with inadequate evidence, at the shape and furnishing of his stage. Radio production of a masterpiece of this time is both easy and horribly difficult. Irrelevant gesture or stage lumber cannot blur the poet's purposes, but an essential plot development which relies on a simple bit of 'business'—a disguise or even an aside—may need explanation which could sound clumsy or an impudent addition to a holy text.

The White Devil (Third, February 16) was excellent for colour, characterization, and *zeitgeist*, but obscure for plot, especially in the last act. I do not accept the proposition that listeners to the Third Programme should know the text well enough to penetrate the disguises of Francisco, Lodovico, and Gasparo. Knowing it pretty well, and despite the frequent insertion of the names of persons spoken to, I got lost too often. The colour of the play is a fierce striping of red, black, and white. Blood and lightning, death and damnation, the ceremony and corruption of courts and cardinals, fashionable melancholy, simple despair, and pointless courage succeed each other hell for leather. That pride, lust, and greed should lead to refinements of murder involving witchcraft and madness is taken for granted. A furious disgust goes hand in hand with a vision of beauty; so that in a wild story of revenge and injustice, whose apparent moral is that all morality is fatuous, there are flashes of speech from villains and victims which give dignity to living.

Flamineo (Anthony Jacobs) was a good, denying Machiavellian villain, cursing and plotting with necessary gusto but able to make the praise of his sister's nobility in death plausible and to catch his own 'everlasting could' convincing. Vittoria (Margaret Whiting) was most effective in her trial scene, but spoke the verse well throughout, and Stephen Murray held together as well as is possible the broken character of Brachiano. Cornelia (Catherine Lacey)

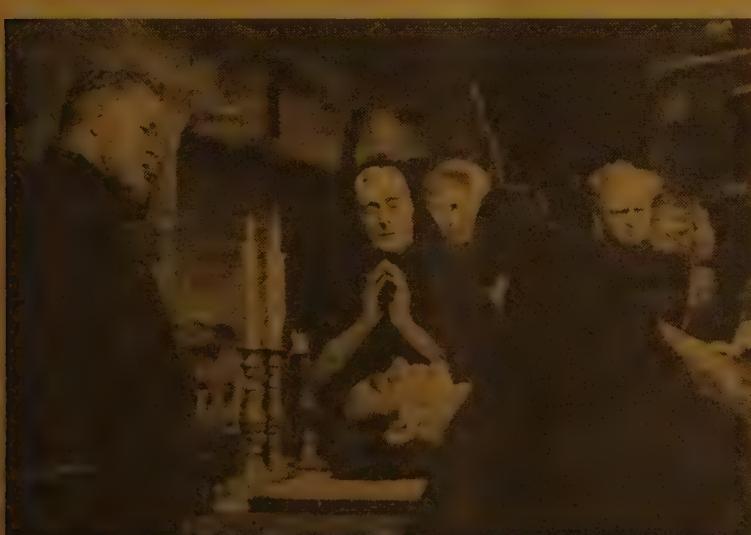


Andrew Keir as the soldier and Maurice Denham as Joe Parker in *Soldier, Soldier* on February 16

pleasure in Mr. Rix's timing and Elspet Gray's good looks; but the tides of laughter remained baffling.

I am also perplexed by the choice of West End extracts. It appears that no matter what is going on in the theatre, only French-window comedies can qualify for transmission. I can think of no other explanation—at a time when there are three Joan Littlewood productions, not to mention Ibsen, O'Neill, and Graham Greene—for picking out Ronald Millar's *The More The Merrier*, a play whose poor notices, judged by the extract on February 17, seemed deserved.

IRVING WARDLE



Scene from J. M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea* on February 16, with (left to right) Reginald Green as a mourner, Sybil Thorndike as Maurya, Sean Connery as Bartley (on table), and (background, facing) Jack Cunningham as another mourner

and Zanche (Tobi Weinberg) coped with scenes in which the modern listener is irrationally troubled by Shakespearean echoes. A cut at the end, presumably for reasons of time, robbed Lodovico of his line: 'I limned this night-piece and it was my best'—a pity because this secondary executioner opens the play and is not there to close it by accident. It seems odd that the Third, which is often flexible about time, should snip an important production which could not be accused of dawdling.

Whatever one's religious beliefs may be, it is hard to be fair to a play which embroiders on the New Testament, and harder still when the language is in modern dress. Ernest Milton's *Mary of Magdala* (February 15, Home) took many risks with fair success. He assumed, against much theological opinion, that the Magdalene with the box of ointment was the same woman as the disciple present at the Crucifixion and afterwards. He makes her a superior courtesan with a dying, rejected husband and a benevolent Roman lover, called Quintus Superbus, who is patient about her kindness to other men because 'she has a genius for love', but angry and afraid when she believes that the healer, Jesus, is not mortal. The use of modern speech is bothering, as when it is reported that Pilate's wife has pleaded for Jesus and someone says 'Procula always was a highbrow'. The slang goes uncomfortably with partial quotation from the Gospels, simply because the styles do not mix. A half-comic young Briton who admires Mary, and a musical pedlar representing a conspiracy of the downtrodden who need to believe in the Resurrection are additional characters difficult to accept. But Mary herself, as played by Mary Wimbush, was most impressive, and the sceptical Quintus, played by the author, a probable person. And the play had its effective moments of crisis.

The twenty-first instalment of *Gunsmoke* (February 17, Light), which is recorded in America by the Columbia Broadcasting System, was such moronic twaddle that I must listen again to discover whether such depths can be plumbed more than once. Bad man shoots two people dead and wounds good marshal in gunfight. But in second gunfight good marshal fools over-confident bad man by shooting him dead with left hand. It took half an hour, and the best bits in the script were the slow steps before the guns went off.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



THIS HAS BEEN a week for battles, military and moral; and it started off with a bang (Home Service, February 14) when Mr. Christopher Sykes gave us 'K. of K.', a radio portrait of Lord Kitchener. I wondered at first if this was to be a scissors-and-paste affair, a collation of the *D.N.B.* and the early works of Sir Winston Churchill. But no: I sat willingly captive for an hour, while Mr. Sykes built up a composite portrait almost as striking as the Kitchener poster. I clearly saw K. of K. setting off to avenge Gordon and Khartoum, and prancing on his charger ahead of chained Dervish leaders; I saw him, claret-faced and taciturn, with Churchill before Omdurman. I saw him again, so moved at Gordon's memorial service that he was forced, in tears, to dismiss the parade. He came over, forbidding, irresolute, ruthless, mellow, scheming, and, in his latter years, a sadly malleable creature; he came over, too, such a lonely figurehead that one felt an almost radioactive aura of greatness round him: an aura that men were happy to escape. There were three master-strokes in this portrait: the finishing touch by

Lloyd George, the savage commentary by David Lytton on K. of K. and South Africa, and, of course, the contribution from Sir Harold Nicolson. Sir Harold's final glimpse of this modest man, this magnificent Polyphemus, stalking, ablaze with decorations, down the War Office stairs, recalled the great Lawrence portrait of Wellington. If only Sir Harold could be persuaded to broadcast more such reminiscences!

We were not given many details of Kitchener's death or of the sinking of the *Hampshire*, and perhaps we shall never know the whole truth. But a more recent submarine exploit was convincingly presented in 'True Story' (Light Programme, February 15): the story of a midget submarine's attempt to blow up the Japanese cruiser *Takao* in Singapore harbour, just before the end of the Japanese war. Mr. Borthwick (who wrote the script) and Mr. Burgess (who produced it) created a claustrophobic atmosphere, and I could have done with a mug of orange juice myself as the submarine grew more and more airless, the tides began to run out, and the huge *Takao* sank lower and lower overhead. The suspense was well re-created; and (like Lord Birkett's summing-up in 'The Verdict of the Court') the postscript by Lieut.-Commander Fraser reminded us, sharply, that this was not fiction.

We learned of defeat, not victory, in 'Dangerous Drugs' (Home Service, February 17): a dramatized account of a drug-addict fighting for freedom, in which Michael Hordern made a sympathetic medico, and Joyce Heron gave a real het-up likeness of the heroin-addict waiting for smuggled doses in hospital. Sometimes I felt we were given rather blatant chunks of fact in the fictional presentation; but the programme, for all its naivety, did get some of the horror across.

A true, and much more effective, fight for freedom was recalled in 'I Burned My Fingers' (Home Service, February 18). In 1940 a bomber pilot crashed over Luxembourg and was badly burned; this was the story of his return to life. The journey took him a long way from Luxembourg, via France and Spain, to the Queen Victoria Hospital at East Grinstead, where he was transformed by plastic surgery (we had a breezy, plausible picture of Archibald McIndoe by Carleton Hobbs). Yes, it was good Home Service stuff, and a stirring sixty minutes, though one sometimes asked if there hadn't been enough war stories, even of this kind, for the time being.

The last of my features this week was not about fighters, but about what Thurber called 'the hiding generation'. In 'Paris, France' (Third Programme, February 19), Malcolm Bradbury and others reflected on the expatriate movement in American literature in the nineteen-twenties. Expatriates, so one speaker said, was rather a dirty word used by Americans for compatriots who chose to live in the pleasanter cities of Europe: the Americans who 'chose to order beer in four languages from a Hungarian waiter'. 'You are all a lost generation', said Gertrude Stein, sharply, to Hemingway; but the expatriates sat at her feet, all the same, and they lost themselves in a world of salons, cafés, and book shops, reviews and presses, and rooted for new talent. What (to use the expressive phrase) was the end-product of it all? For all their living in Paris, the Americans just found America. Some day, no doubt, when someone writes a thesis on Sylvia Beach's bookshop, this programme will be intensely rewarding. I thought it worthy but, I must confess, very dull.

The whole question of literature and the B.B.C. is, however, fascinating, and one of these days I hope to write about poetry and sound radio in some detail. In the meanwhile, I must award a double first to Helen Gardner for her programme of Donne's 'Songs and Sonnets'

(Third Programme, February 13). Her own presentation of the poems was outstandingly lucid and un-donnish; and Robert Harris and Gary Watson read them with matching feeling and comprehension.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Unaccompanied Bach

BACH'S CASUAL profusion is almost uniformly magnificent—hence the difficulty of getting to know it really well. How many harpsichord recitals should we have to attend before we could chalk up a complete score of the English or the French suites or the still finer partitas? And how many years would it take us to hear all twelve of the works for unaccompanied violin and unaccompanied 'cello?

The Third Programme fortunately seems bent on rescuing us from this *embarras de richesses*. It has now turned its attention from the keyboard works to the sonatas and partitas for unaccompanied violin, and by a happy coincidence (I suppose) of planning the first broadcast in the new series came in a week when we could also hear one of the 'cello suites. The difference in the style of these two performances was fascinating. Bronislav Gimpel brought to the C major violin sonata (February 16) a romantic intensity that was undeniably impressive but in the last resort seemed to me out of character with the music itself. Surely Bach could never have intended the opening *adagio* to be as slow as this? Or the chordal writing in the fugue to have been accented quite so violently? These are virtuoso works, of course, in the sense that they call for a consummate technique, yet they are chamber music too and a little more of the art that conceals art would have been welcome. We tend to think of an Italian, Paganini, as the archetype of the romantic-diabolical tradition but in fact the Italian 'cellist Amadeo Baldovino gave us, in the 'Thursday Invitation Concert', a much more restrained and 'classical' interpretation of the C minor suite a couple of evenings later. Not that it was at all lacking in warmth, but the underlying rhythmic pulse was firmer and more serene.

This was a remarkable Thursday Concert altogether, for it also brought us performances of two works for two pianos—the Stravinsky concerto and the Bartók sonata—that were the finest I have ever heard and about as fine as I ever hope to hear. The players, Alfons and Aloys Kontarsky, were new to me, but on this showing they are exceptionally well equipped for this kind of music. Not only did they overcome the technical difficulties without apparent effort (and the Stravinsky in particular is full of awkward corners); they also showed a complete understanding of what the composers were up to. It has always seemed to me that Stravinsky's concerto is one of his tougher works; the gritty counterpoint of the opening movement and the final fugue might be quite clear if he had given it to an orchestra, but in the black-and-white of two pianos it can easily sound thick and even perverse. The scrupulous internal balance of this performance made everything as clear to the ear as to the eye—and without compromising the essential severity of Stravinsky's conception. The Bartók sonata is a more humane work, but it must be terribly difficult to make the continual shifts of tempo really unanimous, and the problems of ensemble are complicated by the presence of two busy percussionists. Yet hardly a hair got out of place in this hair-raising work, and all four players fully deserved the ovation they received.

Last week I had room merely to mention how well Jacqueline Delman had sung the role of

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Venus in Rameau's *Dardanus*, but in fact the whole of the English contingent in this Anglo-French enterprise acquitted themselves bravely (Third, February 14), with John Cameron majestic as Teucer and Jeannette Sinclair a brilliant Cupid. The visitors were more uneven, surprisingly. Berthe Monmart did not manage to breathe much life into the heroine, Iphise, and neither did Michel Sénéchal into Dardanus himself—though here the fault is Rameau's, for he has given the finer music to Dardanus's rival, Antenor; fortunately Camille Maurane was on the top of his form and gave a performance so vivid as to make one wonder why we never have a chance of hearing such dramatic music on the stage. Anthony Bernard kept the proceedings moving with stylish vigour (apart from

a patch in the last act), but credit for this must also go to Charles Spinks, whose harpsichord continuo was vivid and rhythmically alive.

Mr. Spinks was again providing the continuo, this time at the organ, in a performance of Emilio de' Cavalieri's Lamentations later in the week (Third, February 19); and very well too. Cavalieri belonged to that generation who turned their backs on Palestrina and paved the way for Monteverdi. His Lamentations proved to be well worth taking off the shelf, with inventive and affecting passages for soloists alternating with the full chorus. Formally it was a little monotonous, but this is the inevitable result of hearing at one sitting what should be spread, liturgically, over three days. Charles Farncombe got a spirited performance from the Chandos

Chorus, which boasts some excellent (and unnamed) soloists.

Recordings made at the 1959 I.S.C.M. Festival in Rome brought us (also on February 19, Third) works by two very promising young composers and one older one whose promise never seems quite to be fulfilled. Dallapiccola's *Tartiniana seconda* sounded, on a single hearing, like a rather pointless neo-classical exercise. Henze's *Nachtstücke und Arién* contained far more music, but (as with the *Kammermusik* we heard the previous week) tended to fall back on rhetoric in place of argument. The most impressive of the three works was by a young Pole, Tadeusz Baird; these *Four Essays* for orchestra had an unassuming individuality that made me want to hear more of his music.

JEREMY NOBLE

Music for the Mass

By DENIS STEVENS

The Tournai Mass will be broadcast at 9.35 p.m. on Wednesday, March 2 (Third)



FOR NEARLY 1,000 YEARS composers as varied in their musical outlooks and religious beliefs as in their different degrees of technical competence have endeavoured to set to music the hallowed text of the Mass, the central and fundamental service of the Roman Catholic Church. Modern audiences are most familiar with settings of the Ordinary (*Kyrie, Gloria, Credo, Sanctus, Agnus Dei*) from Bach to Stravinsky, and are sometimes apt to forget that the pre-Bach era saw composers of undoubtedly artistic worth devoting time to settings of the Proper, or variable part of the Mass. Perotin, Dufay, Isaac, and Byrd were among those who clothed in polyphonic garb the plainsong of *Introit, Gradual, Alleluia, Sequence, Offertory, and Communion*. But the *Alleluia* proper to a certain feast would be heard only once during the church year, whereas a *Kyrie* might be heard many times. Most composers were therefore more willing to write an Ordinary than a Proper.

Nevertheless it would be a great mistake to assume that composers have always been conscious of that formal unity stressed by Pope Pius X in his *Motu Proprio* of 1903, which stated categorically that it was unlawful to compose individual sections of the Mass 'in such a way that each of these movements forms a complete composition in itself, capable of being detached from the rest and substituted by another'. Before 1400, unity of this kind was extremely rare. Machaut's Mass (c. 1360) is unified, but the so-called Tournai Mass of the earlier fourteenth century is not.

If the Tournai Mass were to be moved on for 500 years its fundamentally heterogeneous character might be more clearly sensed by the listener of today, for he would hear a *Kyrie*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei* by Schubert; a *Gloria* and *Credo* by Berlioz; and an *Ite missa est* by Bruckner. Critics would for once join forces in condemning such a monstrosity. To an ear attuned to the subtleties of fourteenth-century music, the Tournai Mass sounds just as unsatisfactory from an artistic and liturgical point of view, yet on the other hand it invites detailed investigation aimed at uncovering the reason for this and other seemingly senseless pot-pourris. The Tournai *Credo* is found, for instance, in considerably varied forms in manuscripts at Madrid, Apt, and Las Huelgas; the *Ite missa est* turns up in another manuscript at Ivrea. All this points to a multitude of original sources rather than one, and to the fact that the copyist of the Tournai version simply helped himself

to whatever came to hand, whether old-fashioned, classic, or new-fangled.

In some ways it is unfortunate that early works of this kind are named after their present location, for at least two (and possibly three) of the Tournai movements come from Avignon, whose schismatic music is far distant both in space and style. One might as well refer to the incomplete Mass at the end of a famous Italian manuscript in the British Museum as 'the London Mass', or dub with the same title a *Kyrie, Gloria*, and *Credo* preserved there on fly-leaves from the collegiate church of Tattershall in Lincolnshire.

Unification came slowly at first, for composers at the decadent end of the Ars Nova period were more concerned, like some of their modern counterparts, with showing off and writing music of tiresome complexity. In 1322 Pope John XXII accused them of 'truncating the melodies with hockets, depraving them with descants, and sometimes even stuffing them with upper parts made out of secular songs'. True, they had not reached the point of wholesale transference, mentioned by Professor Dent in connexion with Milan Cathedral, where a *Kyrie* was reputedly sung to the *Allegro* theme of Rossini's Overture *Semiramide*. But it comes as no surprise to see an ostensibly secular injunction such as *Tu m'as monté sur la panse et riens n'as fait* written over the 'Amen' of a *Gloria* in a Bologna manuscript of the early fifteenth century. The great virtue of most late medieval Mass settings was their conciseness, for there is no doubt that when performed at the right speed (and this is rarely observed in modern revivals) these movements would have fitted neatly and satisfactorily into the framework of the Liturgy.

The *Motu Proprio* of 1903 makes it clear that 'it is not lawful to keep the priest waiting at the altar because of the chant or the music, for a length of time not allowed by the liturgy'. Yet there are English and Franco-Netherlandish Masses of the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries whose four or five movements last three-quarters of an hour. The reforms of the Council of Trent not only influenced composers to modify their style, they demanded implicit shortening of each section and of the work as a whole, with the result that the great majority of late Renaissance settings of the Ordinary can still be used today.

The baroque era, so-called, witnessed contrasts almost as great as those that permeated the late Middle Ages, for the Palestrina style was followed at a discreet distance by Bernardi,

Draghi, and Lotti at the same time as Orazio Benevoli was writing his colossal Masses for as many as forty-eight voice-parts. In Germany, composers tended towards conservatism in the matter of texture and towards innovation in scoring, and by the time Biber came to write his Masses the presence of a small orchestra was regarded as an essential part of the exercise. Biber's music was still liturgical, however, whereas Bach's B minor Mass is on far too grand a scale ever to fit into an actual service. Besides its length and complexity, it would be ruled out nowadays because of a 'trope' (an insertion) in the *Gloria*—the '*Jesu Christe altissime*' that appears in several of Isaac's Masses. Instrumental music had nevertheless made its mark, and became an integral part of the Masses of Mozart, Haydn, and Beethoven.

Not everyone approved of this. Madame de Staél, writing in 1813 of the difference between church music in Italy and Germany, tells us that 'violins and trumpets form part of the Dresden orchestra during divine service, and the music seems more martial than religious; the contrast between the vigorous impression it produces and the contemplativeness of a church is not agreeable'. Vienna, Salzburg, and Dresden went on their brazen way in spite of this and other hints of disapproval, until the trend reached its logical culmination in Bruckner's impressive Mass in E minor for chorus and wind instruments. The pendulum of taste and fashion had by then begun to swing back to the *a cappella* ideal, and although this produced a spate of utilitarian Masses, pale Palestrina and lack-lustre Lassus, the authorities were for the time being reasonably satisfied with the state of affairs.

The twentieth century has seen a welcome return of originality and propriety in liturgical music, at least so far as the best composers are concerned. Ghedini's two Masses, Poulenc's setting for unaccompanied chorus, works by Britten, Rubbra, Milner, and others have led the way back to a manner of writing which presents the text in an audible and effective way while the music remains a faithful image of its maker's mould. Perhaps in no Mass is this clearer than in Stravinsky's, where unemotional voices and poker-faced wind instruments combine in a fascinating mosaic reminiscent of the past glories of Santa Sophia or the Cathedral of the Assumption in the Kremlin. As Stravinsky himself put it: 'The *Credo* is simply a contract between God and man stated in paragraphs. Amen is the signature'.

Alienation versus Self-expression

(continued from page 346)

does not, in fact, exist. There is a certain irony in this, but not one which the Dada pioneers, Tzara or Huelsenbeck, would have resented. They realized that any formalization and general acceptance of their creed would only turn it into a new restriction of artistic liberty. In this sense the present rejection of self-expression fully agrees with the old spirit of anti-art.

Recently a strange incident happened at the London Institute of Contemporary Arts which was very much in the tradition of Dada. The Swiss artist, Tinguely, presented his painting machines which could produce pleasant abstract textures by the yard. I must admit that I enjoyed the variety and vigour of the machine drawings. But perhaps I was too naïve. Tinguely presented a large machine which literally hurled mile-long strips of narrow paper streaked with brown smears; soon the entire audience was smothered by the coils of smeared paper. What Tinguely said implicitly was: There you have your precious abstract action paintings; there is as little self-expression and individuality in them as in my machines.

The replacing of the subjective and personal by the objective and impersonal is found also in other fields of art. For instance, the French anti-novel which I have already mentioned has given up the customary psychological analysis of the hero's experiences and instead attends exclusively to humdrum events and insignificant

objects in his environment which are described in tedious detail and with an apparent lack of discrimination. Yet these external events and objects acquire emotional power precisely because they keep aloof and detached from us and so involve us personally far more deeply than any description of the hero's feelings could have done.

In a recent B.B.C. television programme on experimental films one could see a strangely moving sequence from a film by Jack Gold which could be called an anti-film. It did not try to move by showing highly emotional scenes. It succeeded by the very staleness and humdrum quality of the events. An aging spinster comes home from work to look after her elderly parents. She enters the kitchen and goes through her routine movements of putting on a kettle and arranging a tray. The parents first remain inert in their armchairs and then rise clumsily to lend a hand in laying the table. The very commonplaces of all the movements had a strangely disturbing effect.

I have borrowed my term 'alienation' from Bertolt Brecht's writing on the theatre, where it has a more technical meaning, which has no direct relation to anti-art. Brecht's technique of alienation prevents the personal involvement of the spectator and forces him to accept the events on the stage as part of a more general social situation. But by the paradox which has now

become familiar to us, this objectification gives our experience an even sharper emotional edge.

Like the old gospel of self-expression, the anti-art attitude of alienation could easily lose its creative power if we were to accept it as a conscious programme. Objectivity and studious detachment can remain creative only as long as they help us to understand ourselves in a new way and discover parts of our personality which were previously hidden. Sterilized self-expression can no longer react. How sterilizing a misunderstood objectivity can become is shown by the history of Functionalism in modern architecture. Its emotional detachment made it develop into a uniform and rigid international style which often lacked proper understanding of human needs, so that in my view contemporary architecture succeeds only as far as it reacts against the international style.

It would be a pity if painting and sculpture were to go a similar way through overrating the creative function of alienation and objectivity. Neither subjective self-expression nor objective alienation are fruitful if taken as ends in themselves. The true artist can reach beyond the conflict of conscious ideas. In the words of André Breton, he is able to work from a mental plane where the contradiction between the objective and the subjective, the outside and the inside, the rational and the irrational, no longer has any meaning.—*Third Programme*

Constructing Partner's Hand—II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE SECOND of two programmes in which the players were awarded points both for reaching a good contract and for constructing partner's hand at the end of the auction, the first hand was dealt by West at game all.

WEST

♠ Q
♥ A K Q 6 4
♦ A
♣ A 10 8 6 4 3

EAST

♠ A K J 9 7 6
♥ J
♦ K 8 6 2
♣ 9 2

There are thirteen tricks more or less on top in spades and 7NT can be embarrassed only by a heart lead, which will oblige East to play off the top spades from hand. Nevertheless, it is difficult to bid so high, for the singleton spade Queen and heart Jack are cards whose value may not be appreciated. The awards were 10 for Seven Spades, 8 for Six Spades or 7NT, 6 for 6NT.

The first pair was Mr. C. James and Mr. S. Booker, of London. They bid as follows:

WEST

(Mr. James)
1C
2H
4H
5D
No

EAST

(Mr. Booker)
1S
3S
4S
6S

WEST

(Mrs. Rye)
1C
3H
4D
5H
No

EAST

(Mr. Flint)
1S
3S
5D
6C

Mrs. Rye seemed to lose her head at the end of an exhausting auction: clearly she should have gone to Six Spades over her partner's reluctant preference bid of Six Clubs. In consequence of the inaccuracy of the bidding the reconstruction could hardly be exact, but it nevertheless earned 6 points, leaving the first pair with a half-time lead of 11.

The second hand was dealt by West at love all:

WEST

♠ A 10 8 6 4
♥ A K Q 8
♦ 8
♣ 10 6 4

EAST

♠ 5 3
♥ J 7 2
♦ A 10 3
♣ K Q J 9 3

East did well to judge that his partner's Five

The awards were 10 for Five Clubs, 8 for

Four Hearts, 4 for Four Spades. The pitch at 3NT, was not avoided by the first pair:

WEST

(Mr. James)
1S
2H
3NT

EAST

(Mr. Booker)
2C
2NT
No

Mr. James mentioned the possibility of Three Clubs over 2NT (the players, in separate studies, were able to express their thoughts aloud) and finally made the inferior choice. For construction, the pair scored 7 out of 10.

The second pair, still in the race, bid as follows:

WEST

(Mrs. Rye)
1S
2H
3C
3NT

EAST

(Mr. Flint)
2C
2NT
3D
4C

When East took out 3NT into Four Clubs, it seemed likely that this pair would finish in a right contract, but West, short of time to give the matter full consideration, wrongly died before her partner. There was not time for the players to describe one another's holdings, but on the basis of their comments during the auction they were given a presumptive award of 8. That left Mr. James and Mr. Booker winners by 24 to 10.

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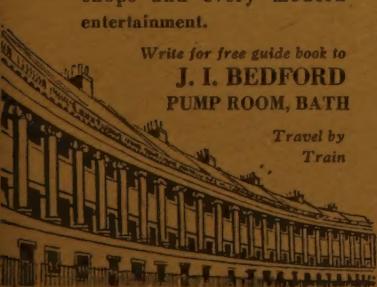
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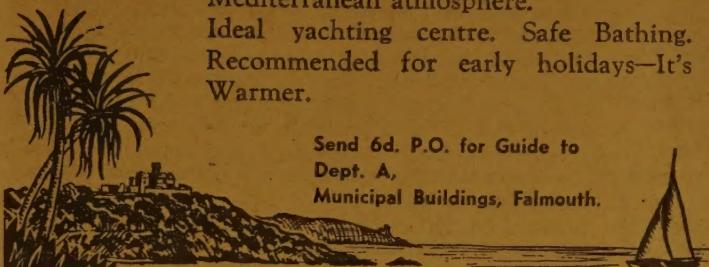


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Butter a shallow oven-serving dish. Take a small tin of Swiss liver pâté and open it. Cut off enough thin slices to cover the bottom of the dish, and lay the eggs on the pâté, stuffed side up. Now make a simple Mornay sauce. Take a heaped, big teaspoon of plain flour and cook it for four minutes in the same amount of butter; do not let it brown. Dribble into it—stirring the while—hot milk that you have salted and peppered. Now stir in a heaped dessertspoon of grated cheese. When this is nicely blended and cooked take the saucepan off the fire, and stir in three tablespoons of good cream. Cover the eggs with this creamy sauce. Sprinkle with a tablespoon of breadcrumbs mixed with one of grated cheese. Dot all over with little knobs of butter, and place the dish in the oven pre-heated to 400° F. (Gas 6). Bake for fifteen minutes.

VICTOR MACCLURE
—*'Today'*

Soaking Before Washing

Soaking is something laundry experts argue about. What is the point of soaking? Why not wash straight away?

The washing operation has three stages: it dissolves the impurities in the fabric; it sus-

pends those impurities in the water; and then it gets rid of them by disposing of the dirty water. When a fabric is thoroughly wetted its fibres swell. As they swell, they open out; so the dirt and grease embedded in them are loosened. Obviously this is a help when one comes to do the actual washing: the dirt comes out fairly easily, which means a saving of time and energy for us and of wear and tear for whatever we are washing. And a preliminary, luke-warm soak often gets rid of a stain that will not come out in a quick, hot wash.

Most laundry experts seem to agree that luke-warm water is best for soaking; and the softer the better. If you whisk up a little soap or soapless detergent in the water it is a help. As for how long one should leave things to soak, this is controversial. On the whole, the majority recommendation is for only a few hours, on the grounds that, with over-long soaking, there is a risk that loosened dirt will sink back again into the fibres. But there are also laundry experts who pooh-pooh this—they are all for overnight soaking.

Only certain types of fabrics should be soaked. White linens and white cottons, certainly. Coloured linens and cottons only if you are sure the dyes are absolutely fast; that applies to any fabric with dubious dyes—quick washing is what they need. Then woollens: on the whole, soaking is a good plan only if woollens are very dirty; but there is an exception here: some people like to give new woollens a fairly cool preliminary soak before the first wash. (Blanket manufacturers often recommend this.) The recommendation for silk is the same as for wool: soaking helps if the fabric is really very dirty. For the man-made fibres—nylon, for example—soaking is not needed. Dirt tends to stay on the surface of these fabrics—it does not have to be coaxed out from between the fibres. But the man-made fibres must have con-

stant washing. Once they are allowed to get dingy with accumulated dirt they never recover their first freshness.

RUTH DREW—*'Today'*

Notes on Contributors

ARTHUR KOESTLER (page 331): writer and journalist; author of *Spanish Testament*, *Darkness at Noon*, *Thieves in the Night*, *The Age of Longing*, *The Trail of the Dinosaur*, *The Sleepwalkers*, etc.

H. P. BARKER (page 333): Chairman and Managing Director, Parkinson Cowan Group of companies; a part-time member of the British Transport Commission

JOHN L. M. TRIM (page 339): Lecturer in Phonetics, Cambridge University

PATRICK MOORE (page 341): Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society; author of *The Planet Venus*, *World of Mists*, etc.

ROMILA THAPAR (page 343): Temporary Lecturer, History of Ancient India, School of Oriental and African Studies, London ANTON EHRENZWEIG (page 345): Lecturer at the Central School of Arts and Crafts; author of *The Psychoanalysis of Artistic Vision and Hearing*

CANON KENNETH CRAGG (page 347): Canon Resident of St. George's College Church, Jerusalem; Professor of Arabic and Islamics, Hartford Seminary, Connecticut, 1951-56

KWABENA ANNAN (page 352): the pen-name of a European who has lived in Ghana for many years

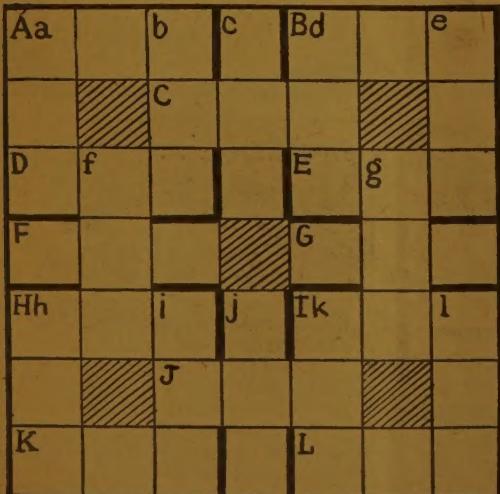
ALEC CLIFTON-TAYLOR (page 356): lecturer at the National Gallery for the extra-mural department, London University, 1947-57

DENIS STEVENS (page 367): conductor and musicologist; editor of the Supplementary Volume of *Grove's Dictionary*

Crossword No. 1,552.

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 3. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



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By Hal

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The lights are common three-letter words. The clues are equations in terms of total impulses for each light. Thus a possible answer to the first equation is ROD = $2 \times$ CAN.

Terms on the left-hand side of the equations forming the last five clues are in order of magnitude. No two lights have the same total of impulses. No light begins with O. Every letter which can be dialled is used at least once. Six letters are used twice. One light is unclued. In the clues and diagram capital letters denote across lights and small letters down lights.

CLUES

F = 2L

b = 3B

d = 4I

H + f = c

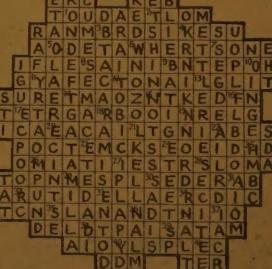
h + A = 2D

g + E = 3J

k + I + i = C

e + K + G = 2a

Solution of No. 1,550



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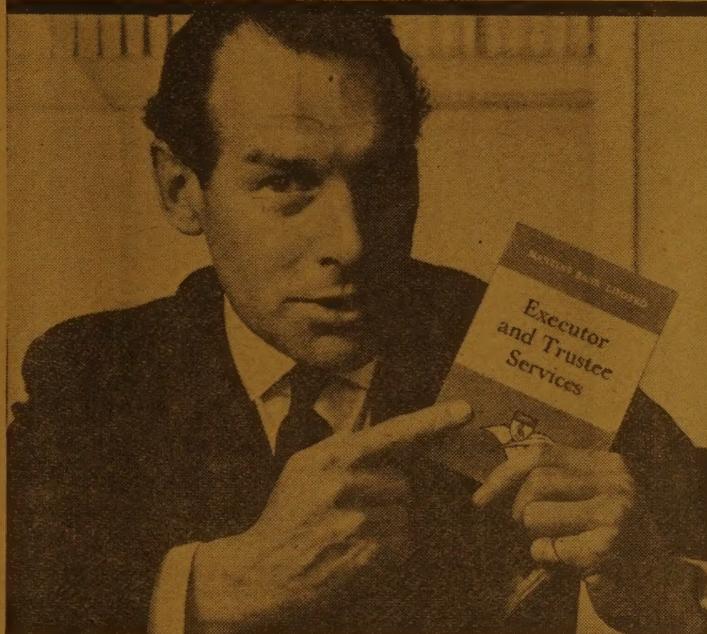
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